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The Week

SHARE the Work!—what a noble sentiment this seems to be at a time when work is scarce! How can a business man resist this appeal, especially when he is assured that he can Share the Work without adding a dollar to his pay roll? The movement is spreading daily, and Mr. Walter C. Teagle, its chief sponsor, has announced that "the ablest business men and industrial executives in the country are rapidly arranging to redistribute their work to keep employees out of the bread lines and to relieve the burden resting upon our various charity organizations." A correspondent of The New York Times brings forward an additional argument, one which lets the cat out of the bag and the nigger out of the woodpile. He claims that Sharing the Work will stimulate business by causing people to buy more commodities with the same amount of money.

THIS is the simple method by which the correspondent, a Mr. Benjamin Reuben, expects the miracle to happen: *"A person earning, say, $40 weekly might, in these times of lower price levels, supply his necessities for $30."* In other words, this "person," this head of a family, this clerk or skilled mechanic, would have $10 weekly to buy insurance, make payments on a car, carry the interest on a mortgage, or put in the savings bank for a rainy day. *"But two workers getting $20 each would be quite certain to expend the entire amount."* In other words, the work has been shared. The "person" has let his insurance lapse, his car be seized, his mortgage be foreclosed; he has made a donation of $20 a week to his employer. The employer has hired an additional person at no expense to himself; in fact he has indirectly lowered his expenses by "relieving the burden" on the charity organizations to which employers are expected to contribute. The two persons hired for the price of one now spend their whole income for food and clothing. *"Thus,"* Mr. Reuben concludes triumphantly, *"the allotment of work among a larger number would react favorably on the effective demand for goods."* And so it would —but not to any great extent. Automobiles, radios and other products to be purchased with surplus income above the bare subsistence level are also "goods"; bank savings and insurance are necessary in order to provide for the purchase of additional goods in the future.

BUT the real trouble with the Share the Work movement is that it doesn't go far enough. It is being applied to $20-a-week factory hands and $40-a-week clerks, but there it stops. Why not carry it straight to the top—for example, to the presidency of the United States? It seems moderately certain that either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Roosevelt will be unemployed after March, 1933. Why don't they, too, Share the Work, each spending three days a week in the White House for $30,000 a year? Mr. Garner and Mr. Curtis could both work on Sundays and holidays: it would take the two of them together, and a couple of other fellows, to make a good Vice President, and they could split the profits. The railroad presidents whose salaries are twice as large as Mr. Hoover's, and the insurance officials who get three times as much, would doubtless consent to split their responsibility, their hours of labor and their dividends. Mr. Walter C. Teagle himself might

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Share the Work for Standard Oil of New Jersey with some independent oil man who had made the mistake of trying to compete with Standard. Even the unemployed could join the movement. One type of unemployed, those who live by their investments, could invite the other type of unemployed to help them clip their coupons. Or, if this solution seems impractical, the government itself might help them out of their difficulties by inviting them to pay higher taxes. With the money so obtained, the government could undertake an ambitious program of public works, and thus keep any number of people out of the bread lines. After all, high taxes on the rich are the most effective way of Sharing the Work—though few rich people have been willing to admit it.

THE resignation of the free-trade members from the British Cabinet puts an end to a situation which was both ridiculous and dangerous. The firmest tradition of British policy has been that of complete unanimity in the Cabinet, any member being required to resign if the government undertook policies of which he did not approve. Yet long before the Ottawa Conference, Great Britain was committed to a protectionist policy with which no free trader could agree, and the Cabinet was kept together only by suspending the tradition of unanimity. The Ottawa Conference did no more than confirm this *fait accompli,* and commit the government to protectionism for a definite term of years; but it offered a convenient point of departure—and the liberal free traders have departed. They are now again at liberty to attack with full strength the policy of a government in which Mr. MacDonald is the only member who makes even the pretense of being anything else than a Tory. The so-called "national emergency"—it was always greatly exaggerated for political purposes—is now at leas temporarily and partially alleviated and the bat e is joined on the old lines. American onlooker can only regret that we have not an equally clear line-up in this country.

THE anti-alien policy of the Hoover administration has often been a matter of public comment. The President and his successive Secretaries of Labor have done everything in their power to keep foreigners out of the United States, to send home as many as possible of those already here and to harass the remainder. The latest illustration is an order by Secretary Doak forbidding foreign students to come to this country and earn any part of their expense while attending a school or college. As first issued, the order applied to all students, no matter how long they had been here; but the protest was so immediate and so sharp that it was modified so that students who arrived here before August, 1932, are permitted to work for their room and board although not for money wages. On all future students the restriction is complete.

ECONOMICALLY, of course, this order is of no benefit to any American. There are only a few thousand foreign students in the country and of these a mere handful make any attempt to earn their way. Student employment is almost always "made work" anyhow, and it is absurd to argue that aliens are taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of young Americans. The only practical effect of the order is that it is one more nail in the coffin of the idea that America is a hospitable land, willing to open its doors to those in all parts of the world who are struggling for the betterment of themselves and their people. When Governor Roosevelt takes office on the fourth of next March, we hope one of his first acts will be to rescind this Ku Klux Klannish order.

MR. Ralph Easley of the National Civic Federation has broken loose again, after a long and most gratefully received silence. Having read of Secretary Doak's ruling that foreign students may not work their way in American colleges, he sat down and wrote the Secretary a letter of approval. He pointed out that many American-educated foreigners go home and make trouble for the duly constituted authorities. He added that numerous instructors in American colleges are "atheists, pacifists, Socialists or Communists," and strongly implied that the foreign student ought not to weep too much that he must forgo instruction by such a scurvy crew, who ought to be kicked out anyway. When Mr. Easley proposes merely that all these atheistical and radical instructors be dismissed he is, we feel, doing himself an injustice by this unwonted moderation. Why not simply close all universities, burn all texts, prohibit all public meetings and suppress all newspapers? That is the only way we can see by which Mr. Easley can be sure that no unapproved thought will enter the head of any young person. . . . And even then, we have our doubts.

THE brood of Mrs. Grundy, now sadly diminished in the United States and with a quavering, cricketlike quality in their voices, still teems and pullulates in England, patrolling the bathing beaches, protesting against the wickedness of the theatre and, on occasions, poking their noses into books in search of something that appeals to their sense of smell. Sometimes, in the works of a great dead author, they find a *word,* a *dirty* word —and they sit down to write a letter to The London Times or even The New Statesman and Nation. Here is an eloquent protest written by a gentleman who might well be Mrs. Grundy's son-in-law.

To the Editor of THE STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR—I notice that one of the Book Society's recommendations for August is "The Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence." May I express my regret that the Society, which rightly ignored this man Lawrence while he was alive, should have weakened to the point of

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recognizing his work now that he is dead? I am not one of those who consider that a writer's obnoxiousness dies with him.

The Book Society till now has had a very fine record, and it has scrupulously avoided giving recognition to the indecency-mongers. Why have they suddenly stooped to the level of this book of poems by D. H. Lawrence? I will not speak of the technical incompetence, which seems to me obvious on every page of the book; nor of the pervasive insinuating indecency of many poems. *But in this book, on page 89, there appears a dirty word*—a word one would turn away from in the street; and here it is printed, in the middle of a poem in some sort of dialect, in a book chosen by the Book Society! What can I say? Has the Committee of the Book Society read this book, and are they aware that on their recommendation it has found its way into a large number of English homes?

ALEX. WITHERBY.

A FEW days ago, a cornerstone was laid in Washington, a cornerstone for the great new Post Office Building. Reading the newspaper accounts of the event, you will find the list of speakers and some of the others assembled. There were the President of course, the Postmaster General, the oldest postmaster (Mr. John N. Van Zandt, of Blawenburg, New Jersey), and others, including Senator Smoot, chairman of the Public Buildings Commission. Mr. Hoover, Mr. Smoot, Mr. Brown, not even Mr. Van Zandt, was the architect of the building. So far as can be learned no architect whatever, no member of the profession, was assigned a seat of honor. Architecture was, nevertheless, in the very nature of things, involved: Delano and Aldrich, among the American architects most distinguished here and abroad, were the architects for the Post Office Department Building. Neither the architects nor the art of architecture were included in any of the speeches. The joke, meanwhile, is that of all of our arts the only one we ever boast of as rivaling the rest of the world is architecture. Modern American architecture has led to some tall talk from us and some enthusiastic response from other countries. But at this official celebration of a great American national building the art involved had no part. In no other country that can read could such a thing have happened. Mr. Hoover and the other high celebrants in Washington have thus provided just one more argument for such foreign opinion as holds that the United States is unique in all history as a country that has passed from the primitive and active to the ignorant and crass without a period of transition.

EVEN before the depression began, professional musicians were having a hard time. Thousands of them were thrown out of work by the advent of the talkies; and for various reasons, including the progress of radio, pupils for music teachers had greatly decreased. Since the depression, of course, these conditions have become many times worse. Subsidized orchestras have been falling like ripe apples from the trees; vaudeville and other theatres employing musicians have greatly diminished in number. In such circumstances, it is refreshing to find that here and there, at any rate, the out-of-work musicians are taking steps to help themselves. In New York, for instance, 200 of them have organized the Musicians' Symphony Orchestra, and are giving twenty concerts this winter at the Metropolitan Opera House. A group of distinguished conductors will take turns leading this orchestra and famous soloists will appear. Tickets will be so inexpensive that the public is assured of more than its money's worth of good music. A brief preliminary series of concerts last winter proved the plan a sound one. Here is a scheme which might well be copied by unemployed musicians in many other cities. It is particularly encouraging because it shows that good music can survive in America, even in hard times, without the patronage of wealth and without appealing to social snobbery.

TO THE long and gloomy story of the real-estate bond bubble was added an important chapter last week. Thousands of persons, in the boom days, bought "general mortgage" bonds under the impression that these were the equivalent of first mortgages. But they were not; they were second mortgages or worse, as the owners finally discovered to their sorrow. In a New York City municipal court a few days ago, a judge ruled that a man who had bought such a bond from S. W. Straus and Company under the impression that it was a first-mortgage bond, was entitled to get his money back, plus the cost of bringing suit. This decision, unless it is upset by a higher court, opens the way for the recovery of millions of dollars invested under similar circumstances, and subsequent developments in it will be watched with the keenest attention.

A JEWISH paper recently asked George Bernard Shaw to send it a greeting, and he did so in characteristic Shavian manner. He not only suggested that the Jews who have been rash enough to go to Palestine might well "stew in their own juice," but he went on to advise Jewry in general to cease to exist. That is, he looked forward cheerfully to a day when the Jews in each country will have intermingled with the rest of the population until the racial characteristics (never so strong biologically as either Jews or Gentiles commonly suppose) have disappeared. Whether Jewish leaders like it or not, that is what is happening in America today, and will happen elsewhere when the barriers of prejudice are at last broken down. What offended in Mr. Shaw's remarks was less his matter than his manner; and he is undoubtedly chuckling in his beard at the scuttering of rabbis he has caused. They ought to know that their agitation is just the effect he was seeking; and that he would have been heartbroken if they had received his remarks with nonchalance.

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THE German government's decree establishing training camps for young men is a step forward in the militarization policy of that country. During the summer months the young German is to receive at least the rudiments of that military education which, in pre-war Germany, was furnished by conscription. It is but a step from this voluntary service to compulsory military training and to compulsory labor service, the beginnings of which have in fact already been introduced to solve the unemployment problem. Although the change purports to be part of the general campaign for the physical development of Germany's youth by intensive propagation of sports and gymnastics, it opens the way to the inclusion of the 450,000 Storm Troops, the 300,000 Stahlhelmer and the 250,000 Reichsbanner volunteers into the armed reserve force of the German Republic, by specifically including the juvenile organizations of these bodies in the camp program. Through this official participation of the semi-military organizations, a permanent contact between them and the military branch of the government will have been established. This fact alone proves that the bridges between Hitler and von Schleicher—the anti-Papen-Gayl campaign of the National Socialists to the contrary notwithstanding—have not been burned and that a last-minute understanding is still within the range of possibilities. Significantly, Kurt von Schleicher is still being carefully excluded from these attacks. Much is going on behind the scenes in Germany today of which the plain citizen who thinks in terms of party slogans has no conception.

WHEN the Social Problems Club of Columbia University announced its intention to hold a protest meeting against the order of Secretary Doak barring foreign students from our colleges if they had to support themselves, the University authorities made public a regulation, which they said had been adopted by the University Council last August, forbidding the students to hold outdoor meetings, and permitting them to hold indoor meetings in college buildings only when such meetings were sponsored by a member of the faculty, who must be present at the meeting. The regulation obviously was a result of the public protest last spring against the expulsion of Reed Harris, editor of The Spectator, the undergraduate organ. It is difficult to account for the distinction between free speech outdoors and free speech indoors, except on the assumption that outdoor meetings are more likely to breed the picturesque incidents which attracted the attention of newspaper reporters in the Harris case. In other words, the University doesn't want the public to know that students hold rebellious or unconventional opinions, even if they do so. This attitude seems to us short-sighted. The ructions at Columbia last spring were distinctly to the credit of that institution, since they proved that students had been sufficiently infected by education really to care about ideas and their effect on society. Of course it may be that the Council wants to censor free speech indoors as well, counting on the usual timidity of college teachers to prevent them from sponsoring a meeting at which anything startling may be said. In that case, we hope the lion cubs will refuse to be tamed.

OAKLEY JOHNSON, a member of the faculty of the College of the City of New York, has been dismissed from his post under circumstances which seem to deserve public comment. Mr. Johnson is a Communist sympathizer, who has been widely engaged in the activities of radical groups; and he charges that his dismissal is the result of his radicalism, plus his approval and support of the student Liberal Club. The college authorities reply that this is not true; that Mr. Johnson has been dismissed because of declining enrolment and because two instructors who had been on leave of absence returned to their duties. Mr. Johnson meets this argument by pointing out that he has in the past been reproached by his superior officers in the institution for his extra-curricular activities; that enrolment would now be larger than ever, if the college were to admit all its applicants, and that a new instructor was engaged as soon as he had been dismissed, and to take his place. We do not know all the facts regarding this dispute and we see no possibility of finding them out, short of a formal investigation by an impartial outside group. Such a group exists, in the person of the American Association of University Professors, which has a committee on alleged violations of academic freedom. We commend Mr. Oakley's case to its attention.

The Lytton Report

THE LYTTON REPORT is one of the ablest documents on a puzzling international situation that has ever been issued. It is a fine example of the best potentialities of the League of Nations; it represents the sort of objective research, the recognition of realities and the effort to adjust conflicting interests on the basis of enlightenment, which the most intelligent supporters of the League have always expected of it. Whether it will have the slightest effect on the course of events, either in Asia or Europe, is an entirely different matter, the answer to which rests upon whether the liberal valuation of the League has any reality, upon whether an international organization composed of unregenerate imperialist nations can do this sort of job.

The Lytton committee does not dodge the responsibility of assessing Japan's action in invading Manchuria and setting up the puppet state of Manchukuo. Though subjected to long continued and manifold provocation, the Japanese authorities are clearly shown to have overstepped the

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boundaries of legitimate self-defense in their military action. The bombing of Chinchow is explicitly disapproved. The committee easily penetrates the bluff that there was a genuine movement for independence in the three eastern provinces, and shows that the whole development was the result of Japanese force and intrigue. The implication is inescapable that Japan has, in her acts, violated the League Covenant, the Kellogg Pact and the Nine Power Treaty.

With these findings, a less wise and a more doctrinaire commission might have stopped. It might have come to the conclusion that the main job was to vindicate international faith and set a precedent for peace by ordering the Japanese military out of Manchuria as a preliminary condition of any further adjustment. And it might have recommended that in the event of Japan's failure to comply, sanctions be applied in order to compel her to do so. But this would have been to encourage the least realistic and the most menacing aspects of League doctrine. In this case Lord Lytton would have offered the rest of the nations a flat choice between ignominious surrender and certain war.

In spite of Japan's proved aggression, no realistic means of dealing with the situation can ignore the long standing conditions which led to that aggression. Nations do not go to war in violation of treaties out of pure perversity. The unmixed case of aggression which the supporters of sanctions visualize is almost certain never to arise. In this instance, Japan had to deal with a nation in which a responsible central government, willing and able to adjust disputes, was absent. However unimportant domination of Manchuria may ultimately be to the Japanese people, the present Japanese government and the commercial and financial interests of Japan had a real stake there, conceived as being of overwhelming importance.

No influential party in Japan thought otherwise. If the pacifically inclined Japanese could have been assured of undisturbed exercise of railway rights, a chance to invest and develop Manchurian industry under a stable regime, and safety for the few Japanese in the territory, they probably could have held the ambitious and romantic military in restraint. But Manchurian government was uncertain and changing, Chinese provocations and economic aggressions were continuous, and the whole future of Japanese economic penetration was clouded. In addition, the Japanese were continually harassed by boycotts against their goods in China proper. Though the Lytton Report does not say so, the Chinese Nationalists undoubtedly cherished the ambition to throw the Japanese out of Manchuria bag and baggage, and the Japanese knew it. Furthermore, there was in China a growing and powerful Communist movement, and if this ever succeeded in reviving the Chinese government and people, Japan's ambitions in Manchuria might be definitely at an end. Indeed, her domestic economy would be threatened. A few inflammatory incidents thrown into this pile of odds-and-ends were sufficient to start a conflagration. The military, with their positive, absolutist and forceful policy, naturally got their way and left it to the diplomats to make this way as palatable as possible to "international morality"—such as it is. By examining and candidly reporting the many Japanese grievances and fears, the Lytton commission reveals the irrelevancy of opposing Japanese force by international force.

Instead of taking this futile tack, the report examines with equal objectivity the prospective results of Japanese force. Does this really offer a way out, even for the Japanese themselves? Obviously it does not. The inhabitants of Manchuria are overwhelmingly Chinese in race, culture and allegiance. They do not really want independence; still less do they want Japanese rule. Japan's attempt to hold the provinces in line by military force is a costly one, far too costly for her domestic economy to sustain for long. Unless a stable civil administration can be set up soon, deriving its support from the country itself, Japan will risk by her victory far more than she stands to gain. But the success of such an administration is made extremely unlikely by the latent hostility of the native population, and by the guerilla warfare which is certain to be carried on by Chinese regulars and irregulars. One of the more outspoken Tory papers in London frankly said in commenting on the report that Japan's presence in Manchuria was as natural and right as Britain's presence in Egypt and India. Precisely. That is not an encouraging comparison for Japan. In addition there will always be the menace of a possibly united and invigorated China, seeking revenge and the recovery of China irredenta.

Once the Chinese case and the Japanese case have both been clearly recognized, it is possible to suggest a solution which, by really dealing with the underlying disputes, may be more satisfactory to both nations than the present situation. The outlines of such a settlement in the report are intelligently shrewd. The susceptibilities of both nations are guarded by the recommendation that the solution be achieved, not by international dictation, but direct negotiation—with international advice and under international auspices. The further recommendations as to the nature of the agreement which ought to be made indicate that such an agreement is at least theoretically possible. There must be, not railway competition between Japan and China, but coöperation and, preferably, consolidation. There must be an autonomous Manchurian government, under China, and supported by a native gendarmerie, all other troops being withdrawn. The rights of the national government over these provinces—as to taxes, customs and foreign relations—are to be specified. Nevertheless the local government is to have many foreign ad-

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visers—and many of these are to be Japanese. It is to maintain the open door as to trade and finance; rights of Japanese and Korean minorities must be safeguarded. Chinese sovereignty is to be honored in the creation of this government by the device of a Chinese decree setting it up. The substance of the decree, however, is to be negotiated, and the force of the device cannot be altered except by international agreement. This will be a protection to both nations. There is to be a trade treaty between Japan and China, dealing with boycotts and the like. Japan is to coöperate with the other nations in helping to maintain a stable central government in China, the existence of which is really to the best interest of all concerned. Apparently, nothing has been overlooked.

What is the response to this eminently reasonable document? Japan vigorously rejects it, saying that what has been done in Manchuria cannot be undone, that her honor is involved by the recognition of Manchukuo—which of course was an act deliberately taken with advance knowledge of the tenor of the report, in order to make impossible its acceptance. France, which for her own "security" has insisted on the most rigid interpretation and even strengthening of the sanctions doctrine of the League, disapproves even this mild action in the case of Japan—the first Great Power which has ever violated the Covenant. France does so, of course, in complete disregard of the spirit and aims of the League of Nations, and solely with a cynical eye to her own imperialist interests. Apparently the precedent does not disturb her in the least. The Conservatives who now rule Great Britain want to take no risk of offending Japan, and are in sympathetic accord with her present policy, since it embodies their own attitude toward China and is precisely the sort of thing they would have done in like circumstances. The chance that the Lytton committee's work will come to anything thus looks slight indeed.

Thus the report, which embodies so many of the virtues of realistic, well intentioned liberalism, also illustrates its tragic futility. Like so many gestures of the kind, it has probably come too late. Circumstances did not permit the responsible suggestion of remedial measures until the time for their application had passed. This is not the consequence of mere dilatoriness on the part of the reasonable; it is also the consequence of the fact that this sort of solution would have been equally unacceptable at the time when it logically ought to have been applied. In unplanned, capitalist civilization, foresight always seems to lag behind the development of the crisis which the foresight might have averted. The type of philosophy behind the report is also weak in that it assumes that national societies as at present constituted will really be guided by enlightened self-interest. The logic of events, which ought to drive them in this direction, seems quite as often to drive them to stubborn and short-sighted adventures. It is possible that no solution of the Far Eastern problem can arrive by the liberal route; that the growth of a revolutionary movement in the East to engulf liberal and imperialist alike and change the whole basis of economic organization will overtake a civilization struggling in the net of contradictions which it creates.

Alfred E. Hoover

WE WELCOME this week the return of an old journalistic neighbor, albeit one now greatly altered. The Outlook, which died of depression a few months ago after an honorable career of many years as a weekly, now returns from the grave as a monthly, under the editorship of Alfred E. Smith. If the contents of its first issue are a criterion, it will be a reasonably lively popular journal, devoted chiefly to the discussion of public affairs from a conservative point of view, at about the intellectual level of the radio audience. Now that the great popular monthlies and weeklies are edited, in an ecstasy of timidity, solely to meet the wishes of their advertisers, honest political discussion has almost disappeared except in the pages of the daily newspapers and the liberal weeklies; and while we expect to disagree rather consistently with The New Outlook, we applaud its entrance into a garden at once so wide and so empty.

Probably most readers of the first issue turned at once to see what the editor had to say about the Democratic candidate for the presidency. Mr. Smith has announced his allegiance to his old party, but in the most ungracious manner possible. In reality he remains sulking in his tent; only a monosyllabic grunt, heard through the walls, indicates that there is still life in his frame. If this is endorsement, then a husband endorses his wife when he does not throw her out the parlor window into a rainstorm. True, the political wiseacres promise that in a speech to be delivered while this issue of The New Republic is on the press, he will speak of Mr. Roosevelt with loving enthusiasm; but in the meantime we must judge him by what he says in print. He indulges in a diatribe against all those who refer to "the forgotten man." "The forgotten man," he says, "is a myth, and the sooner he disappears from the campaign the better it will be for the country." A little farther on, he feels that the Democratic party should be "purged" of those whose policies he disapproves of. If that does not mean Governor Roosevelt, we should like to know what it does mean. Take out of the party those whom Mr. Smith does not like, and those who now do not like Mr. Smith, and you have a small but lively political organization built around himself and Mr. Raskob.

This statement by former Governor Smith and his other recent declarations, including his endorsement of the sales tax, show what a tremen-

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dously long distance he has traveled since 1928. He has now embraced, with the ardor of the recent convert, the Hooverian doctrine that the only road to prosperity is to make the rich richer, that there is no way to have wealth reach the masses except by trickling down from above. During the past two and one-half years, other men have been fighting for the rights of the individual as against those of capital, have been seeking to bring about an amelioration of the present monstrous chaos; but we have heard singularly little on this subject from the leader of the Democracy in 1928. His own associate in Tammany Hall, Senator Wagner, has been an outstanding leader in the fight for unemployment insurance, for federal aid to public works, for using funds from the national Treasury to supplement the inadequate resources of the cities and prevent starvation. Yet for months we have had only silence regarding these laudable causes from Al Smith, who has been—and still could be, if he would—one of the two or three most effective political figures in the country.

To be sure, the former Governor may reply that Mr. Wagner is now in the United States Senate, while he himself holds no public office. But such an excuse would come oddly from the lips of one who since boyhood has been immersed in politics and still is. He could exert a tremendously potent influence by merely letting his views be known in favor of, or against, any measure. During much of the period of the depression, he was writing a weekly syndicated newspaper article, which he devoted mainly to humdrum ideas for increased efficiency in the operation of government. He has also been writing from time to time and on the same themes in magazines of huge national circulation. One cannot avoid the conclusion that the real reason he has refrained from effective criticism of Mr. Hoover has been because on the whole he was in agreement with the President and with the policies he has followed.

During this same period of time, Mr. Smith has stood by and seen the ugliest scandals revealed in Tammany's operation of New York City since the days of Tweed—and so much larger, financially, than those earlier ones that Tweed now looks like a piker. Although he has been the leader of the Democratic party, in nation, state and, above all, in the city, he has not uttered one word in condemnation of the grafters. He has maintained a complaisant silence while Tammany fought to the last drop of its blood to prevent exposure, to keep thieves in power, to ensure the future robbing of the citizens on the same scale as in the past. Although Jimmie Walker has long been Smith's mortal enemy, although the former Governor knew that the Mayor was bringing the organization to the door of destruction, loyalty to Tammany proved a stronger hold than loyalty to everything which Al Smith stood for in his own public career. True, in the past few days he has fought to prevent Tammany's knifing Lieutenant-Governor Lehman; but he did so because of a personal obligation to Mr. Lehman which no decent man could forget. Otherwise, his record remains 100-percent blank. We do not doubt that he explains his position satisfactorily to himself; mankind's capacity for self-rationalization is one of the great marvels of human psychology; but we do not see how he can explain it to any unbiased and intelligent third party.

Of Al Smith's drift toward Hooverism, however, we feel that there is a fairly easy explanation. The former Governor has often admitted—indeed, boasted would be a more accurate term—that he never reads a book. He gets all his information either from the newspapers or from those with whom he associates. Who are these men? Two of them, of course, have been William F. Kenny and John J. Raskob, two hard-boiled, conservative business men who are Republicans at heart and Democrats by accident. Others have been those he has worked with in the United States Trucking Company, as chairman of the board of the County Trust Company, as director of the National Surety Company and the Consolidated Indemnity Company, or through his work with the Empire State Building. It is easy to see the sort of pressure he has been under, day in and day out, subtle, impalpable but, to as sensitive and malleable a person as Al Smith, almost irresistible.

But this country can well get along without another imitation of Hoover; the woods are full of them already. What we need is more Al Smiths as of 1928, or at least the same one back again. Though he has isolated himself from progressive forces, it is not too late. If he feels incapable of reading books, let somebody read them out loud to him. Selecting the right books is a simple task; his brilliant colleague, Mrs. Belle Moscowitz, could choose them—or The New Republic would be glad to supply a list of ten recent titles, on request! Certainly, something must be done to bring back the old Al Smith followed so proudly four short years ago by so many people who under no circumstances would follow him today.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Sabotage by the R. F. C.

LAST July, Congress passed a law intended to devote public money to the relief of destitution caused by the depression. The amount appropriated was $2,100,000,000, of which $300,000,000 was for public works actually constructed by the federal government, and $300,000,000 was to be loaned to the states for direct relief of destitution. The remaining $1,500,000,000 was to be loaned to states, counties, cities, or in certain cases to private corporations, for the aid of "self-liquidating public works"—that is, enterprises devoted to public use, which earn a profit. A toll bridge, or toll tunnel, is a good example. The administering of these funds was put into the hands of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Probably the average citizen has assumed that in the two and a half months since the measure became a law, a good part of this money must have been loaned out, and must now be helping to relieve unemployment and start the wheels of prosperity revolving once again.

Any such supposition, however, is grossly in error. Although 243 applications have been made to the R. F. C. for loans totaling $800,000,000 out of this $1,500,000,000, up to the moment of writing only three of these applications have been accepted. The R. F. C. has promised $40,000,000 to the Metropolitan Water District of Los Angeles, $13,000,000 to the New Orleans Belt Line for a bridge across the Mississippi, and $105,000 to Madison, South Dakota, to enlarge its municipal electric-light plant. In the first two cases, at least, the Corporation has merely promised that it will eventually bid on the bonds of these enterprises provided that its Legal Department or its Engineering Advisory Board cannot find any flaws in them when issued (and finding flaws is these gentlemen's sole delight). These loans, by the way, are being made at an average rate of 5 percent—a rate fixed by the R. F. C. itself, since it is not specified in the Act of Congress. This rate ought to give the Corporation a handsome return on its investment, in view of the fact that it gets its money from the Treasury at 3.5 percent—the Treasury getting much of it, of course, from public borrowings at less than 3 percent.

The record, then, in this year of desperate poverty, with eleven or twelve million persons out of work, stands as follows:

Elapsed time:	Two and one-half months
Amount provided by law:	$1,500,000,000
Loans made:	0
Loans promised:	53,105,000
Still unpledged:	$1,446,895,000

The question would seem to be: Who is to get the rest of the money? But in fact, a still more pertinent inquiry is: Will anybody ever get it? To explain why it is proper to ask that question, we must make a little excursion into recent history.

The idea of large-scale public works to help relieve the depression did not originate with Mr. Hoover or any of his close associates. To be sure, ten years ago when he was Secretary of Commerce, he strongly advocated such enterprises, not in the form of loans but as flat expenditures by the government—and the projects did not need to be self-liquidating, either. But ever since the present depression began, Mr. Hoover has fought vigorously against the idea of large-scale federal expenditures for public works. From time to time, to be sure, his aides have issued propaganda statements that so-and-so many millions or billions of dollars were being spent for public works; but these statements always forbore to mention that the sum of all public works, federal, state and local, represents a violent decline from even the normal annual average of 1929 and earlier. (At present, for example, the total bill for public works, of which federal enterprises are but a small part, has shrunk from a normal of $3,000,000,000 a year to only $800,000,000.)

This plan has, of course, been put forward in many quarters. It has been suggested by political progressives time and again, and was embodied in the Wagner, La Follette and Garner bills. Among those who have been particularly active in urging it, not unnaturally, has been the Construction League of the United States, which includes the chief organizations of architects, engineers, contractors and their allies. The Construction League is now functioning through its "National Committee for Trade Recovery," which is organized nationally and also in most of the forty-eight states. It has done yeoman service not only in working for the passage of the Emergency Relief and Construction Act of 1932, but in spreading information about its details and aiding people in preparing proper applications for loans. Since every application must contain the answers to forty-five questions, many of them complicated in the extreme, this assistance is of more value than one might at first suppose.

When the schemes for large-scale federal loans for public works were put forward from all these quarters, President Hoover, as is well known, opposed them. He feared an increase in the national deficit, involving the necessity for higher tax rates. When he saw that he was likely to be defeated on this issue, he put into the bill the crippling reservation that these enterprises must be

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"self-liquidating." He did not trust a city, for instance, to borrow money, build a bridge somewhere and then pay the money back out of taxes. He insisted that the project must be a toll bridge, which no one can cross without the nuisance of stopping to pay. It was specifically stipulated in the bill that no project should be made self-liquidating by the aid of taxes. When this bill was under consideration, it was said by The New Republic and others that there might be grave difficulty in finding enough projects which satisfied these conditions to do anything substantial for the relief of unemployment and the return of prosperity. The event has amply justified this prediction. One project after another has come up to the R. F. C. for consideration. To the eye of the layman, they seem sound in every way and exactly the sort of thing Congress had in mind when the bill was passed. But then the Legal Department or the Engineering Advisory Board of the Corporation gets to work, and manages to find something wrong, some reason for rejecting or delaying the application, while hungry men walk the streets in every American town.

There is, for example, the application made by Cleveland, Ohio, for money with which to expand its water supply. Here was a sound proposal for a needed public enterprise. But did it pass the R.F. C. lawyers? It did not. They found that some of this water would be used "for industrial purposes"; and by going back to the debate in Congress, they thought they found that the intention of the legislators was not to lend money for industry. These comfortable lawyers, sitting in their offices, might also have discovered that the intention of Congress was to prevent starvation; but why should they worry about starvation? Their salaries are large; they have plenty to eat.

One might go on with a list of other meritorious projects rejected by the R. F. C., or postponed week after week, but such a recital is not necessary. The facts given at the beginning of this article speak for themselves. The difficulty obviously is with the minds of the men who are administering the R. F. C. They take their cue from their superiors; and the final word in this matter is the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Ogden Mills. Mr. Mills is an intelligent, patriotic and conscientious man, but he is a Tory of the Tories. He has never conceived of the Emergency Relief Act as being designed to help poor people. He thinks of it, and of the whole work of the R. F. C., as emergency relief for the banks. Both he and Mr. Hoover believe that the depression is nearly over, and that the poor will manage to get through another winter somehow or other. Remembering the deficit, they hate to see government money given out, even on loan, and their marked coolness is reflected in the picayunish attitude of the R. F. C. administrators and legal advisers.

Among the specific disappointments of the bill, incidentally, is its relationship to housing projects for the poor. Under its terms, money may be lent to limited-dividend corporations to build low-priced housing, either in slum rehabilitation or otherwise. No doubt the optimistic newspaper reader already referred to has taken it for granted that large enterprises of this sort would presently be forthcoming. Actually, there is only one state in the country which at present has a state law such as the R. F. C. requires before it can lend money: New York. Attempts have been made in other states to pass similar measures, and they have thus far been defeated by real-estate interests, which naturally object to "government competition."

Even in this one state there are difficulties. The New York newspapers have blossomed out every few days lately with announcements of vast housing projects on the lower East Side, most of them to be financed with federal money; but you may write it in your hat that not one of these will ever be built for people of small means. In every case, the land cost is so high that low-rent housing is a financial impossibility, with federal money or any other sort. It is possible, however, that in outlying sections of New York City, or in some other communities in the state, the R. F. C. may eventually aid some building projects.

But it had not done so at the end of its first ten weeks. No matter what it may now do, it will afford no relief to unemployment, no aid to prosperity, until next February at least. As it is now proceeding, there will be precious little even then. Someone has said that the R.F.C. thinks of itself in this connection "as a gatekeeper, not a guide." Its role is passive, inert, negative. During the Great War, numbers of men were found in high places who took this attitude: who said "Don't do it; no; it can't be done." Many of them had to be fired out of their places before action was possible. But, as the R. F. C. lawyers will tell you, this is not a war. This is only a calamity. They will proceed to stick all the pins they can through every project submitted. And if, in the meantime, a lot of people are mean enough to go and starve to death—that is no concern of theirs.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

To My Infant Daughter

Alas, that I should be
So old, and you so small!
You will think naught of me
When your dire hours befall.

Take few men to your heart!
Unstable, fierce, unkind,
The ways that men impart.
True love is slow to find.

True art is slow to grow.
Like a belated friend,
It comes to let one know
Of what has had an end.

YVOR WINTERS.

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No Job, No Vote

"HELL," said the resident of Hoover Village, the particular Hoover Village that straggled across the old reservoir site in Central Park, "anything I've got to say against conditions would have to be said in Union Square. I ain't a citizen, this election, I'm a vagrant. I lost my vote."

Multiply that by as many times as you care to estimate, and you arrive at a situation that may have a drastic effect upon the approaching election, especially upon the pink, red and infra-red end of the voting spectrum. It would seem ironical enough if an epidemic of unemployment for which the administration is popularly held responsible should contribute, through the disfranchisement of the unemployed, to the perpetuation of the administration. This may not occur; but is there not some ground for the forecast that, whether the victor be Democrat or Republican, there will be an abnormally low economic-protest vote, simply because the economic situation together with the election laws has taken the vote from those who would protest? The challenge of disfranchisement, this year, should let us know what must first be done, if any real or vital change is ever to be sought with our existing government as the medium: democratize the suffrage.

Disfranchisement was huge enough, even in the years when the labor surplus was at normal. That we had a truly representative democracy was always a fiction. The commonest concealment of the real scope of compulsory vote deprival has been the trite—and partly true—explanation that the "low vote" was due to public indifference about public affairs. But scrutiny develops the encouraging possibility that, for nearly every adult resident who was qualified to vote and didn't want to, there has been another adult resident who would have liked very much to vote but was artificially prevented. The last presidential election, and the recent census, afford a clue.

In 1928, what with the various issues and prejudices of mundane importance and the religious issue underneath, there was an unusually strong emotional pull to "bring out the vote." And the vote was the heaviest in our history. Even so, only 36,879,414 ballots were cast for all candidates. A year or so later the census-takers were to find 72,943,624 persons of voting age. But it is not the fact that all persons within the non-voting 49 percent were indifferent. Comforting as it is to reflect that only five adult American residents in seventeen actually voted for Hoover, it is yet more reassuring to sum up the indications that our governmental sloth and failure, as a whole, may be due largely to the fact that we are on a rotten-borough basis.

Fifteen Southern states, for example, with more than one-fourth of the adults of voting age, cast less than one-fifth of the total vote. The indicated differential, of around 25 percent, checks very closely with the size of the Negro population, which the census put at 23.9 percent. By dint of such laws as those of Alabama, where employment, payment of a poll tax and the ability to read and write all are necessary that one may vote, the Southern states disfranchise nearly five million adult Negroes. In the nation as a whole, unable to vote because of an arbitrary naturalization law, are slightly more than five million foreign born, many of them quite as able to judge of, and all of them quite as deeply interested in, the course of things as the run-of-the-mine American-born citizen. As it happens, less than 5 percent of these are in the Southern states, so this bloc disfranchisement is the Northern equivalent of the suppression of the Negro vote.

This takes ten millions from the seventy-two. Next come the native born and white whom various state laws exclude from the polls. To illustrate: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia require payment of a poll tax. Even a dollar tax will exclude many voters this year. Alabama, as stated, requires that you be employed; and Louisiana and Rhode Island have the property qualification. Tax delinquency excludes you in Georgia, Mississippi, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania; pauperism, or vagrancy, or residence in a charitable institution, in Alabama, Delaware, Louisiana, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York and other states. One wonders what, logically, would be the voting status of persons receiving direct relief—out-patients, so to speak, of charitable institutions. Prevailingly, you have to be fairly solvent to vote. The penniless need not apply.

Far subtler in their operation, and peculiarly important in this year of 1932, are the laws fixing residence requirements. There is no state that does not require of its voters a certain period of residence, and in some states it is two years. County residence is in some cases a year, in many it is six months; township residence runs from ten, twenty or thirty days to a half-year; residence within the voting precinct is required for like periods. In this land of travel, of rentals, of the auto, of seasonal crops and industries, even of fixed dates when you are supposed to move—the legal ideal is the barnacle.

How many men and families are actually mi-

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grant today? I can find no remotely adequate estimate; but the number, by all reports, is very large. The estimate of one million unemployed "floaters," found in the minutes of the Interstate Conference on Migrants which was held in August at Harrisburg, seems to me conservative. For a year or more past, railroads have reported that more "beats" are riding the brake-beams than ever before. Last summer, through one town in Arizona of 1,500 population, there were seen passing daily more westward-bound job-seekers than the population of the town. No large city, and hardly a medium-sized town, is without its "Hoover Village," its shack city; and everywhere the parks are full. Though no accurate count is at all possible, it seems safe to say that the nation as a whole has never seen such wandering; of eleven or twelve million unemployed, a fair share are on the move, alone or with their families; and they won't vote this year.

Finally there is the less spectacular migration—and the greater: simply the individual migration resulting from the loss of homes and the reduction of income—a shifting of people from farm to town and town to farm, from a West Side apartment to an East Side tenement, from better quarters to cheaper quarters. Goodness knows how many Americans are going to lose their vote because they have tried to save a few dollars on the rent. Or because they gave up the house and went to live with the son who had a job. The neighborhood real-estate man is the source of case data in this category, and his list of rentals, vacancies and mortgaged properties for sale has a direct bearing upon the suffrage.

Can it be doubted that the incidence of all this total of disfranchisement, while of course it would be shared to some extent among all the parties, would fall more heavily upon the protest vote—the Socialist and Communist brackets? In the large, how a voter votes is economically determined, and the typical Hoover voter will be the man who has suffered little and views his neighbors' sufferings with fat content. As to Roosevelt, so close are the straw-vote polls that the issue of his election may well hinge on the question of how many malcontent yet unradical farmers, workers and white collarites have been disfranchised. And again, unless signs fail, we shall have statistical "proof" that there are extraordinarily few critics of capitalism in the country, that we are a highly conservative nation, and that all this talk about the growth of Marxian opinion in America is bunk. This "proof" will be regarded as all the more noteworthy because the country has been polled in a time of depression; and the world will marvel at the relative nonexistence of constructive American discontent.

A system that automatically disfranchises its economic victims, that ousts and silences its protestants by the mechanical operation of law, may be hollower than we think or than the figures show. From another point of view, nothing in particular will be accomplished through the ballot until the part of the public that has been down against the facts and has built up a genuine reaction thereto is enabled, through the removal of property and residential restrictions especially, to express that reaction at the polls.

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS.

Marxist History

IT IS CURIOUS to consider how Marxist history and criticism have grown up separately from the rest of modern thought.

Marxism has now been developing and spreading for something like seventy years: it is now an international culture just reaching its phase of full maturity. It is apparently the only really vital intellectual movement in the Western world. Yet all the rest of our literature and learning still put up their barriers against it. The old bourgeois culture does not know about it; or if it does know about it, ignores it; or if it speaks of it, misrepresents it. Nothing seems to me to bear out more convincingly the Marxists' own contention as to the influence of class interests on people's opinions than the way in which the bourgeois writers on history, economics, politics, literature and art refuse to read the Marxist books even for the purpose of condemning them, will not discuss the Marxist ideas even to point out their fallacies and manage to leave the great Marxists out of their cosmoses in spite of the fact that, however much one may disapprove of them, they must certainly be recognized as among the great geniuses and leaders of the time.

I have recently had striking experience of this in the case of three highly intelligent friends of mine, all professional historians or critics, who have taken the most violent exception to recent articles of mine on Marxism. One of them is a brilliant music critic with whom I have for many years been in the habit of conversing about literature and life on what seemed to be a basis of generally sympathetic points of view. Now, however, when I go to see him, scarcely am I inside the door when I am greeted with complaints and reproaches. What he reproaches me with particularly is the attempt to degrade art by relating it to the social situation of the artist when it ought properly to be regarded

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as a creation entirely spiritual having its existence on a superterrestrial plane.

Now the truth is that all these years my friend has known perfectly well that I saw a connection between works of art and the environments in which they were produced, and that he himself has also seen this connection. We have frequently had engrossing discussions of the role played in the work of various artists by the factors of period, nation, race and social status; and as a matter of fact, it was precisely the early essays of this writer which first made me see the relation of music to the age and environment of the composer. My friend, I think, had been influenced by Taine—at any rate, he admired Taine and pursued a method which somewhat recalled Taine's and which set him off rather sharply from his immediate predecessor Huneker. He could perfectly understand and accept Taine's "race, milieu and moment" for any moment of the past or for any milieu of the present inside the bourgeois cultural sphere. But when it came to an objective consideration of the influence on modern art of the fundamental social differences and conflicts of the present, he abandoned his Tainian approach and ascended into realms of esthetic metaphysics where I found it very difficult to follow him.

Another writer, an able historian of nineteenth and twentieth-century America, has recently taken me to task in print for what he considers a betrayal of art for politics. Yet he has himself in the past been largely preoccupied with politics. He is the author of several valuable political histories, and I had always assumed that he considered—as I certainly do—the writing of history an art. I had been aiming myself, in the articles to which he objected, at writing a little contemporary history. But the point is apparently that though it is legitimate to write the history of Populism, for example, or of bourgeois municipal reform, it is not legitimate to write the story of contemporary labor agitation which raises questions of Marxist theory. He further accused me—one of the commonest defenses against Marxism—of having accepted Communism as a "religion." And he concluded with what seemed to me the hysterical statement that for his part he preferred the companionship of such "jailbirds" as Dostoevsky, Cervantes, Defoe and E. E. Cummings—though so far as I know I have never written a word, and should under no circumstances consent to write a word, calculated to discourage or dissuade him from consorting with these high spirits; and though, if jail be the test of the elite, it is equally true that Lenin and Trotsky and W. Z. Foster have all had their doses of prison.

A third writer, an Irish woman of unusual range of reading, social experience and travel, has also criticized articles of mine severely from the point of view of an ignorance of Marxism and of a misunderstanding of what I was trying to say, which seemed to me at first amazing on the part of one who had grown up in the midst of Irish politics and who had taken part in the Irish rebellion against English cultural domination. Yet the point was here again that it is one thing to understand, to share, the Irish grievances against England, another to understand, to think out one's relation to, the struggle between capitalism and the classes it is dispossessing. When I last saw my Irish friend, she mentioned as if with impatience that the chief question that the young people of Ireland seemed to be interested in today was the electrification of the Shannon. The Irish of her generation are like our Southerners in that they are all the farther from recognizing the urgency of the problems of the transition to a socialistic from a capitalistic society because they are only just coming to recognize the problems of the transition to an industrial society from an old-fashioned agrarian one.

All three of these people, of course, have recognized the French Revolution—they have recognized the American revolution. They understand and are ready to appreciate the eighteenth-century enlightenment which led up to them. They are themselves partly the products of that enlightenment, still carrying on more or less its tradition. But they have never really accepted the Russian revolution, and they will not see that the culture of Marxism corresponds in our own time to the culture of the French enlightenment in its. As that lit the way for the rising bourgeoisie about to seize political power, so Marxism prepares for socialism and the classless society of the future.

Marxism is, then, not a religion, though "Das Kapital" is the Bible of warring sects and though Communism has tended to call forth the qualities, emotions and types of character which have been identified with religions in the past. It is not a fixed body of dogma. It is not a diabolical conspiracy for substituting propaganda for art. The work of art is a work of art for the Marxist as for the non-Marxist—though he may also interest himself in examining it as the non-Marxist will not do as a record of the needs which have evoked it, as the botanist and the ornithologist must examine even the most beautiful birds and flowers. What Marxism is, is a scientific point of view which schools itself to be independent of class in order that it may for the first time in the history of thought study society and culture realistically in the light of the relationships of classes. The eighteenth-century philosophers were utopians who had never really studied economics and who thought that the general good will of men would be enough to promote general prosperity. The Marxist has a more realistic grasp: he has had time to study revolutions and the things that happen after them, and he has worked out a veritable engineer's technique for analyzing society and manipulating its various forces. But the intellectual work of Marxism, like its political work, is far from finished. It has many discoveries still to make and it must be flexible and daring to make them. Whatever official formulas may be put forward by the present regime in Russia

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or anyone else, Marxism is not an official set of formulas, but a new vision of human life and a new method of dealing with it. This is what you learn from reading the great Marxists: Marx and Engels, Lenin and Trotsky—though it is not always what you gather from their disciples.

From the point of view of intellectual controversy, it is one of the unfortunate features of Marxism that the Marxist can always blackmail the non-Marxist. When the heretic or suspected witch failed to give the answer desired, the inquisitor could always say: "The devil put that into your mouth!" The Marxist can always reply: "Your income—or your social habits—made you say that!" (The amateur psychoanalyst can do the same thing, for that matter.) And it is true that Marxism may be exploited as a cheap way of always appearing to be right or simply of making oneself disagreeable with a semblance of justification. This situation will not, however, deter me from saying that I can see no sound philosophical reason why middle-class readers and writers of unusually wide culture such as the persons I have mentioned above, should ignore the great creative force of Marxism and denounce for all the stupidest extravagances of Marxists another middle-class writer like myself who tries to call attention to it.

The result is, at any rate, that Marxism remains, as I have said, largely in a separate compartment from the rest of contemporary culture. The two streams run parallel to one another, the latter slackening its current as the former gathers power. There are a certain number of people, to be sure, who try to make the best of both worlds, who try to apply Marxist technique within such limits that it will not lead to any disquieting conclusions. For example, Charles A. Beard, who is said to regard Marx's "Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte" as one of the most brilliant historical analyses he has ever read, could scarcely have written his history if the author of "The Eighteenth Brumaire" had never existed; yet he hardly ever writes an article nowadays about the embarrassments of the present day without expressly repudiating Marxism. But the position of people of this kind is uncomfortable. In general, it is surprising how promptly the writers are lining up in one or other of the two camps and how readily their antagonisms are developing.

I do not mean in the least that all the good writers are coming into the Marxist camp. The Marxists are far from all being geniuses, and some of our best writers are far from Marxism and, from all appearances, likely to remain so. Marxism is not a touchstone for artistic or intellectual or moral excellence. But if we compared those men of genius outside it with those whom it has inspired, we should recognize it—if we had no other means—as the great political-intellectual movement of the time. That other world is dying at the end of its blind alley; but this other, just coming to maturity, has its immense creative work to do.

EDMUND WILSON.

Mr. Wilson will conclude his series with an article on Trotsky.—THE EDITORS.

The Land of Plenty

A FEW MINUTES before seven the foreman climbed up to the platform. The clipperman was still oiling his machine. The foreman grinned and said, "Hey, you're going up in the world. I got a private secretary for you."

A girl came climbing up the ladder behind him. She was about seventeen years old, blonde and thin, dressed in clean blue overall trousers and a yellow silk waist. The clipperman let the oil drain around the bearings while he stared at her in surprise. He could see the girls working on the platform below looking up with intense interest. This was early in June, Monday morning, and the factory was scrubbed clean. The sun was coming through the windows a few feet over the platform, and the lights inside looked pale and watery. "Fine," the clipperman said. "What is she going to do?"

"She's your helper," the foreman said. "Don't you know what a helper is?" He turned to the girl and began explaining what she was to do. But before he finished the whistle blew and the factory started to work, the wail of the motors taking hold and the sound of the saws and knives giving an impression that manufacture filled the very machines with agony. "I got to go!" the foreman shouted. "You tell her, Happy!" He grabbed the girl by her bare arm and screamed in her ear, "Keep away from the knife! You hear! It'll cut your fingers off!"

He hurried down the ladder and left Happy alone with the girl. The girl was looking at the knife. It was a part of the machine, a bright line of tempered steel nine feet long, as sharp as a razor, mounted in a slide. When Happy touched one lever it snapped down, sliced through the veneer and bounced back up into place again. Happy turned to look at it too. He had never realized how dangerous it was.

His helper was staring around her in a steady alarm she made a futile effort to conceal. The noise frightened her, and she watched the trembling plank floor of the platform as though she expected

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it to collapse. Happy watched her in perplexity. How could he tell her what to do? He was quite pleased at having been given a helper, and he was glad she was a good-looking girl, but he could not think up a way of beginning a conversation with her. From the lathe a long ribbon of wood poured up toward the clipper. The logs had been heated for two days, and the steam spouted up from the veneer as it was cut, rising in the cool air and streaming like smoke through the open windows. Down below the other clipper began slashing away, and the girls began piling the veneer on trucks. In a moment Happy and the girl were surrounded by fog as the steam blotted out everything; Happy could barely see the other end of the knife. He started the motor, postponing getting acquainted with his helper beyond smiling at her in what he felt was a friendly manner. This was always the best part of the day for him.

He tried to work slowly so his helper would get some idea of what was expected of her. But she jumped forward at once and began piling up the veneer and throwing the scraps into the conveyor, so ambitiously Happy got alarmed. "Hey, wait a minute!" he said. "Jesus, you'd think you was saving something from a fire." She looked at him nervously, and he was startled to see that she was afraid of him. Well that poor kid, he thought, and he turned off the motor and walked over to her. "Listen," he said, in a friendly manner, "you're making a hard job out of an easy one. Take it easy. There's no need for you to go working your head off. You see? Take it easy. I don't want you to go jumping in there and getting hurt."

She kept nodding her head and smiling gratefully to show him that she understood him. But he had seen her nodding and smiling in the same way while the foreman told her what she was to do. She's afraid I'll think she's dumb, Happy thought. Besides, she was embarrassed because all the girls working on the tables were watching her. Perhaps she was thinking she shouldn't have come to work in such a snappy-looking outfit. Happy found himself looking at her bare arms. They were round and soft, like a child's, without a trace of muscle. He looked at her arms until he got embarrassed, and then he went back to the machine, saying, "Just keep away from the knife. You see? Keep way back from it."

She nodded eagerly. "I'll be careful," she said.

Happy started to work again. The log wasn't bad. He got interested in it, and forgot about his helper for a moment, until she began working too hard again and he waked up in time to see her hand almost under the knife. "Hey!" he said. She stopped and looked at him appealingly. He leaned against the machine and drew a deep breath. His heart was pounding. When he got his breath he turned to her to give her hell, but before he could say anything he thought: the poor kid is scared green. She doesn't know what's expected of her and she's afraid she'll be canned if she doesn't do everything perfectly. He tried to remember how he had felt when he first started to work. He turned off the motor. "Listen," he said, in a slightly shaken voice. "You're making this too hard. Just take it easy. It isn't a matter of life and death." Then he had a good idea. "I'll work slow for a while," he said, "until you get used to it. You'll catch on. Then it will be easy."

But that didn't do any good. All that she understood was that he was telling her she wasn't satisfactory. And when he said he would work slowly on her account she became more scared than ever, because she thought the foreman would know he was working slow for her sake. When she began jumping all over the platform in her eagerness, Happy got impatient, but he choked it off and watched her as well as he could.

They were cutting spruce then, making big seven-ply panels for export to Germany. It seemed the Germans were making two big transatlantic liners, faster than any that had ever been built, and the panels were to be used for the staterooms. It was a big order; another factory had been built a mile away, with six months running guaranteed on a little slice of it. The factory had been closed when this order came in—for repairs, which meant that there weren't any orders. But after the order came in something happened. It turned out somebody had bought up all the number-one spruce and was holding it for ransom. The other factory went broke. Somebody said that all the factories handling the order lost on it because all the good spruce was tied up. That was why Happy's helper had been hired. They were trying to keep from taking a heavy loss by cutting good panels out of second-grade logs—logs that were cracked and full of knots. It made a lot of extra work, so from time to time they would hire another little girl and pay her two dollars a day.

Happy had been working Sundays for a month, and lots of times he worked sixteen hours straight. It left him somewhat dazed, but everybody was pretty dazed so he did not feel out of place. He just felt somewhat tired now at seeing so many rotten logs. It wasn't that he minded the logs so much, or that he hated to rush, as it was that he hated to rush when they were cutting rotten logs.

Presently the foreman came back up. "Well," he said, "how is your helper getting along."

"Fine," Happy said. "She's a hard worker."

The foreman turned to the girl. "How do you like it by now."

She blushed and replied, "I like it all right." Her face was a little bit flushed, and she was beginning to sweat a little. Her bare arms had gotten scratched and her hands were covered with grease. But she still looked fresh and colorful, and there were only a few stains on her bright silk waist. The foreman stood around for quite a while. From time to time he would say, "Does Happy try to get fresh with you?" The girl would blush and shake her head.

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"Don't let him get away with anything," the foreman would say.

Happy did not pay much attention as he was being kept busy trying to make the staterooms of the "Luxuria" out of junk that wouldn't even be good as fuel. After the foreman left he caught up for a while and tried to strike up an acquaintance with his helper. "Well," he said, "how do you like working by now?"

He was astonished to see that she was very pale and her heart was beating so violently the yellow silk trembled over her breast. "I like it all right," she said faintly. There was a moment of silence.

"It ain't so bad," Happy said.

She was keeping her hands behind her. Happy began watching her arm. She was trembling so violently her whole arm was moving. All at once Happy grabbed her and pulled her arm from behind her. Her hand was bleeding. She began to struggle and tried to hide her hand again. "Let go!" she said. "Let go!"

"You're hurt," Happy said. "For Christ's sake." They were both flushed after their little struggle. The girl kept her hand behind her. Happy grabbed her again and held her arm. She had scraped the skin off the back of her hand. The blood was streaming over the ends of her fingers. She had caught her hand on the knife when it happened to be up. "Why didn't you tell me?" Happy said. It was not deep, and it only bled so much because her skin was so thin. As soon as he saw what it was Happy was not scared, but he was confused because she had tried to conceal it. "Go in the office," he said. "There's a first-aid kit there and they will bandage it."

She said nervously, "It isn't anything. It really doesn't hurt at all."

Happy was still holding her hand and pressing her handkerchief against the cut. The blood began draining from her hand to his. He could not understand why she would not have it taken care of. "They won't hurt you," he said. "And you can't let it get infected."

She tried to free her hand. "It isn't anything!" Her face was still flushed and there was a note of panic in her voice.

Happy was baffled. I'll have to be firm, he thought. "You listen to me," he said severely. "Get in there and get that bandaged before I beat the hell out of you. Now beat it." She merely looked at him helplessly, and her mouth was beginning to tremble. He got more confused when he saw that she was about ready to cry. He thought: here the poor kid is scared anyway, working her head off, and as soon as she gets hurt I jump on her and bawl her out. He could have kicked himself all over the platform. "But why?" he asked. "Why not? Shall I go with you? Are you scared?"

She merely looked at him. All at once it dawned on him; she thought they would fire her. They had told her to watch out for the knife so frequently she was sure they would fire her if they knew she had been so careless. He did not know what to say. In a way he wanted to laugh at the idea of anybody getting fired because she got hurt, but at the same time it made him uncomfortable to think of anybody wanting a job that bad, and he felt sorry for her. "I'll fix you up," he said. He went down the ladder after the kit.

The foreman saw the blood on his hand. "You hurt?" he asked.

"No, my helper scratched her hand."

The foreman nodded. "How is she getting along?"

"She's all right," Happy said. "She works her head off."

"She looks like a nice kid," the foreman said.

When he came back with the kit one of the girls said, "Is she having a baby?" Happy blushed and kept on his way. They had quite a time with the bandage. Before they finished they had gauze and adhesive tape scattered all over the platform. The bandage was about as neat as a boxing glove.

"There," Happy said. "That's what I call a damn fine bandage."

He took the kit back to the office. When he carried it past the girls they all began limping and groaning. "You think you're funny," Happy said. He met the foreman coming out of the superintendent's office. The foreman looked at the kit and glanced at the clock.

"You're taking damn good care of her," the foreman said.

Happy felt a little guilty by this time, so he hurried back and started to work again. It got hotter, and the logs were worse. Before noon it was clear that the day's cut was going to be small. First the foreman came along and shouted at both the clippermen, "Get the lead out, you guys! They're out of stock at the other end!" He hurried away before they could think of anything to holler back at him. Then the superintendent came through, scowling at each machine in turn. Whenever production fell below a certain point the superintendent tried to fix it up by scowling. Happy's helper was so scared when he climbed the platform she nearly fainted. She was sure he had come up to fire her, and she tried to keep her bandaged hand out of sight. But it was too hot on the platform for the superintendent, so he climbed down and scowled at a cooler machine. Then the manager and two men from the office came along. One of the men held a stop watch and the other carried a notebook. They would look at the stop watch, talk for a few minutes in low voices, and write something in the notebook. Everyone was much impressed. But in spite of all this attention, by noon Happy was sick of wrestling with the spruce. He kept telling himself if there was only one good log he could get through the day. His eyes were beginning to burn and watching to see that his helper kept away from the knife was beginning to get on his nerves. Suddenly he turned to her and asked, "How do you like it by this time?" She jumped. She had been leaning

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against the table. Her face was streaked with pitch and grease and her clothes were a dull gray from the dust. She was holding her wrist as though her hand hurt her.

"I like it all right," she said faintly.

Happy looked at her. "You do like hell," he said.

She glanced at him and looked away quickly. "You do like hell," Happy repeated. "You're so God-damned tired you can hardly stand up."

He went back to work. At times he would stop, when a very bad log appeared, to ask her, "Are you tired?" It gave him a curious satisfaction to see that she was swaying slightly on her feet when she replied, "No, I'm not tired." Then he thought of a new game. When it got extremely hot he began saying pleasantly, "You're lucky you started in on such an easy day. You'll be used to it by the time the hot weather begins. Besides, we got such good logs today there isn't much to do." She would nod and smile with her face. God, he thought, what a dumb girl. Then he noticed that whenever he said anything to her she always tried to work harder afterwards. Every once in awhile he would stop for a while and rub his hands as he said cheerfully, "Today is a snap, ain't it?"

By the middle of the afternoon she was beginning to stagger a little. She was working near the knife again, and Happy was watching her. When she got close enough, he kept thinking, he was going to tell her something. So he pretended that he did not see her, until he leaned over abruptly and caught her by the wrist. "Cut," he said. "You understand?" He touched the edge of the knife. "Sharp." He pulled her hand over toward the knife. She tried to pull away. He went on patiently, as though explaining something to a child. "The knife is very sharp. Do you see? It will cut off your hand." Then he made a gesture of cutting off her hand.

The foreman came up on the platform. "Are you broken down?" he asked. "Or what the hell's the matter with you?" Happy turned to look at him. " I didn't hire her for you to play with," the foreman said. He was grinning but he was only grinning so he could get away with whatever he had to say.

"I don't know why else you did."

"What do you two do up here all day? You sure haven't done any work."

Happy lost his temper. "Try and do something with that junk!" he shouted. "Try it before you say anything to me! Besides, I spend all my time taking care of this damn woman."

"Let her take care of herself."

"Yeah. And cut off her hand."

The foreman waited a moment. "Don't you want her?" he asked. "If you don't want her all you have to do is say you don't."

Happy started to say he didn't want her when he saw her staring at him. The blood rushed to his face. "Oh, to hell with it," he said. He switched on the motor. It took him a long time to realize that he was costing the girl her job. For a moment he jammed the veneer under the knife. Then he said, "Why are you jumping on me? We'd get along better if you didn't always have your finger up it."

"All right. But for God's sake get something done. We give you a helper and you do less than ever."

Happy reached over and turned the motor off again. He said, "If you don't like the way I work you know God-damn well what you can do! If you want to pull my card go pull it. Pull it! But don't stand here and give me hell."

The foreman had started down the ladder. "I'm not pulling anybody's card," he said. "If you want to pull your own card you know where it is."

He disappeared down the ladder. For a time Happy stood on the platform. The girl was scraping up a little pile of splinters and looking in the opposite direction. He watched her as she poked at the splinters with her back toward him and her head bent over the table. "All right!" he said. "Laugh about it!" She glanced at him quickly and turned to study the splinters again. "You think I'll stand for that," Happy said hotly. "Do you think anybody can talk that way to me?"

He went down the ladder. One of the girls said, "What's wrong, Happy?"

"What difference does it make?"

She looked startled. "Gee, I just asked you what was wrong."

"Plenty," he said. "Plenty." He went out in the fireroom where he stood beneath the No Smoking sign and smoked a cigarette. He kept thinking: Nobody can talk that way to me. To hell with him. I don't have to put up with that. Then he began saying to himself, All right. If that's the way you feel. Take your job. Take it! Do you think I want to work in this nut house? Jesus, he said, I wouldn't work here if it was the last place on earth. I wouldn't work for you if I was starving to death. Then he stamped out his cigarette and went back into the factory. When he climbed back up on the platform his helper turned on him in surprise.

"Oh!" she said.

"Oh, what?"

She blushed again and stammered, "I thought you quit."

"And what if I didn't?"

But she would not talk any more. "What if I didn't," he repeated. "If I didn't it ain't because I don't want to." He went back to work and jammed the veneer under the knife. It gave him a kind of savage satisfaction to chop up the veneer so it could not possibly be used. Whenever he cut a good piece and ruined it he thought, All right. Make a stateroom out of that. His helper was stumbling a little under this sudden burst of speed. I'll make her jump, he thought. When she got near the knife he shouted, "Get away from there!

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Get out of there or I'll cut you in two!" She bumped against the railing and began to whimper. "Oh, you make me sick," he said. "Shut up or I'll paste you one."

The whistle blew and he scrambled down the ladder and raced toward the time clock. At he left the factory he met the foreman carrying the reports to the office. The foreman was smiling. "Well, Happy," he said. "We didn't do so bad after all." As Happy did not reply he added, "I'm sorry I flew off the handle. They were pounding me on the tail."

"I know," Happy said.

He watched his helper heading for home. It took her a long time to get away from the factory because her legs moved stiffly and because she stopped, every few feet, to try to pick some of the splinters out of her hands.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Washington Notes

The Anti-Republican Tide Rises—The Fighting Quaker and the Cagey Democrat —Perhaps a Miracle?

WITH a bare four weeks left in which to fight, the Grand Old Party is putting up quite a battle. The idea, prevalent weeks ago, that it had accepted defeat and was preparing to "lie down and give up" does not now appear well founded at all. On the contrary, this month promises to see a struggle such as we have not had in this country since 1916, the reason being that the Grand Old Party has not had a real fight on its hands since that year. The elections of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover were foreordained from the start. There was no real chance of Democratic victory from the day the Democratic ticket was nominated in any one of the last three campaigns.

This time things are so different that the Old Guard leaders among the Republicans are aghast. They have not entirely given up hope, but they are not hopeful. It is not merely the reports from the West that have depressed the Hoover management, but the extraordinary situation in Illinois, Ohio and Indiana—three great Republican states. At this time the general consensus of opinion seems to be that they are lost to the Hoover ticket. Privately, Republican politicians here with whom I have talked during the past few days concede this, asserting only the possibility that they may be recovered by election day. Adding to their depression are the numerous straw polls taken by newspapers and magazines, not one of which has failed to show a strong Democratic trend in heretofore unshakably Republican states.

The truth is that a situation exists which is well calculated to take the heart out of a far bolder administration management than now exists. Quite obviously the Republican leaders are up against a tide created by the discontent and distress of the voters against which argument and reason are equally futile. The desire for a change seems general in the country. Whether it will be possible in four weeks to stem the tide or turn its direction remains to be seen. Not many of the supposedly "trained observers," as our traveling Washington correspondents like to call themselves in a campaign, think so. Very few Republican leaders who have been here to see the President are really hopeful. They await a political miracle with full knowledge that there has never been one yet.

In the face of all this, the Grand Old Party, as I said above, is putting up a real fight, not lying down or giving up. Furthermore, it is doing it under the direction and through pressure from Mr. Hoover himself. But for him his party, I think, would be in a complete state of demoralization. It really is remarkable how Hoover has kept his nerve under an unbroken sequence of discouraging events, beginning with the Maine result, which would have caused nearly any other man in his position to wilt. There is, as I have pointed out before, a streak of stubbornness at the base of this Quaker's nature that sustains him in the pinch and enables him to fight on against odds when a showier man would concede defeat. I had not realized until recently that Hoover is the type of man who does not concede defeat, who fights on to the end with an inner conviction that the right will prevail and a profound belief in his own righteousness. This trait, I think, more than anything else, is responsible for the really fierce struggle being made at the moment by the Republican management.

Mr. Hoover has been given all the bad news there was. I know that certain politicians whom he trusts and believes have in detail gone over the situation with him and glossed over none of the gloom. The net effect has been to stiffen his determination to fight harder and to keep unshaken his faith that he can be elected if nothing is left undone. Accordingly, more money has been pried out of the reluctant contributors and more steam put behind Sanders, Allen, Benjamin and Hebert. Mills is in the West trying to offset the effect of the Roosevelt tour, and Mr. Hoover himself will have delivered at least one of his scheduled speeches before these lines are printed. Altogether, the spectacle of this man, desperately and doggedly driving a disheartened and apprehensive organization to fight as it has not fought before, against a tide instead of with one, is interesting and practically unprecedented. It has not happened to a Republican for years, and there is just a bare possibility of success—but not much more.

In the meantime, Roosevelt, back from his California tour, should be somewhere in the South when this piece is printed, unless his schedule is again revised. It seems to be admitted that, whatever the attitude of the Eastern liberals toward him, he did take the Western progressives into camp on his Western trip. Whenever he invaded a territory strongly influenced by progressives in Congress—particularly progressive Republicans—he played a progressive tune. And when he could without seeming to drag references in by the heels, he coquetted openly with Republican insurgents. This sort of thing was neither accidental nor incidental. Instead, I am told by those who accompanied him that it was a carefully calculated part of Roosevelt's strategy.

The set-up for a Roosevelt appeal to the Western progressives was practically ideal. For one thing, he was

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widely advertised in the pre-convention campaign as the leading liberal among Eastern Democrats, and his managers effectively sought support for him on that basis. In the next place, try as they have, Republicans have been ridiculously unable to dissociate Franklin from the elder Theodore Roosevelt. This is pretty nearly driving the Oyster Bay branch wild, but it is none the less true. And the Rooseveltism of a generation ago is still very much alive in a lot of Western states. Furthermore, the continued and profound silence of the mysterious Borah has perfectly played into the Democratic hands this time. Couple it with the avowed and militant advocacy of Roosevelt by Norris of Nebraska, and the practical though not quite complete support of Johnson, Brookhart, Cutting, Blaine and La Follette, and it does seem that Mr. Roosevelt is justified in claiming that his Western tour landed the progressive Republican bloc pretty solidly behind him.

It is, of course, natural and logical that they should be with Roosevelt when the alternative is Hoover. It is inconceivable that any one of these men, after four years of continual and consistent opposition, could be swung into the Hoover camp merely through the power of a party label. None the less, it is only accurate to state that in some cases the support of progressive leaders for Roosevelt has been reluctant, delayed and without enthusiasm. As between Hoover and Roosevelt, they are compelled to be for the latter, but it does not blind the more intelligent to the fact that the Roosevelt campaign is transparently one of expediency, the whole idea of which is to hold the progressives without alienating conservatives. In brief, there is a feeling that the progressivism of this progressive is none too genuine, but that it is to be preferred to the clearly reactionary Republican candidates. Of course, this feeling is to a considerable extent justified. The Democratic candidate is out to be elected and he is not, in this campaign, permitting his convictions, if any, to interfere with the garnering of votes. But it seems to me a little unfair to blame him for that. What other candidate for office, or what other public man, with the exception of George Norris of Nebraska, would act differently?

The fact is that, as the fight draws near its close, it becomes increasingly clear that it is almost entirely a struggle between those who are for Mr. Hoover and those who are against him. There is, except in a few states, practically no real Roosevelt sentiment—it is all anti-Hoover sentiment. Mr. Hoover will get the Republican regulars who always vote the party ticket. He will get a large Dry support and a certain number of Wets, and he will get the votes of a good many Eastern Democrats who are afraid of the word "progressive" and dislike the names of McAdoo and Hearst. And that is about all he will get, unless there occurs in the ensuing four weeks something no one now foresees. Apparently the country is full of discontented, resentful people who want a change. The indications are that the bulk of these will vote for Roosevelt and the rest for Norman Thomas. The whole drift is away from the Republican ticket, and the chances of its being checked are rather remote. However, the Grand Old Party, under the Hoover lash, fights on. The miracle may happen after all.

Washington. T. R. B.

Success Story

Success Story, by John Howard Lawson. Maxine Elliott's Theatre, September 26, 1932.

MR. LAWSON, author of "Processional" and other works, has written the play with which the Group Theatre begins its second season. "Success Story" is worth doing. Its characteristic appears to be an intensity and expressiveness only now and then approaching creation: its manner, that is, is one of excitement and pouring out rather than settling into dramatic forms or images by which the play would proceed. It is not quite written, then. But it has a conception, a sincere movement and a serious method. To many people, indeed, the play seemed even shrill in method. I doubt if this is true. Some impression of shrillness or insistent ardor in the dramatist's statement may have been partly due to something agitated in Mr. Lee Strasberg's directing; not having seen the script I cannot be certain of that. I am certain, however, that much of this effect—which I felt almost never elsewhere—came from the actor in the leading role. We have all over again the case of the actor and the play, of not distinguishing between the actor and the play, of giving the actor the credit or the blame that should really go to the play, of giving the blame or credit to the play where the actor deserves it.

With regard to these performances in the Group Theatre's production, the perennial case of criticism is sure to repeat itself. Mr. Franchot Tone gives the best performance in the play. But it will not be thought so. He is the successful young business man, Raymond Merritt, a role that has no emotional moments compared to those of the two Jewish characters with whom it is involved; its outline appears to be simple and in the usual run of men. Mr. Tone's will be called a good performance. If that were all there were to it, there are a hundred actors, in themselves like this American Raymond Merritt, who could play the part quite as well. Mr. Tone's excellence lies in the solidity with which the character is commented upon by the actor. There is in this new impersonation none of the intensity, manly effort or inner secrecy that went into the son of the Connelly house, none of that attempt at poetic simplification in the young don of "Night Over Taos," none of the rough drawing, the fight and the sullen heat of the working man in "1931—" or of the poignancy, natural force and directness of the boy in Miss Cowl's play, all of last season. The elimination of the poignancy and capacity for feeling, two of this actor's most evident and advantageous stage qualities, is especially to be noted. You must note too the absence of banalities, of the ordinary stage platitudes about the business man, especially the Babbitt motif, which would merely have thrown all Mr. Lawson's themes into the obvious. The excellence of Mr. Tone's performance, apart from this player's born theatricality, lies in its scale, in the way in which every part, the smartness, decency of code, easy-goingness, relaxation, spoiled college-clubness, the moments of physical passion, the moments of a more genuine, close passion, and finally —when Merritt is pushed out of his chair at the head of the firm—the drifting into an even slighter and looser existence, resuming life at any of the old points: the ex-

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cellence, to repeat, lies in the way in which these elements in the role are seen and kept in scale. For this reason, and not because the character is interesting or fertile in itself, Mr. Tone's performance is the only one in the company that I could honestly say I should enjoy seeing, all of it, over again. Scale, distribution of tone, the proportion in emphasis throughout the whole of an impersonation, is one of the final qualities in acting, and one of the most rarely seen.

On the other hand, Mr. Luther Adler's acting in the chief role, the young Jew who abandons his revolutionary state of mind, or mood, for that of pushing his way to whatever he wants, or sees others want, is sure to get the praise. To me Mr. Adler's was a performance of little importance and one well within the reach of many young Jewish players. He has that quality so often found among Jewish actors: an easy and fluent expressibility, emotional glibness that runs through tears, rage, parting, meeting, loving, hating, pausing and speeding up, all with equal ease and facility, but seldom with regulation and taste or considered forms or any deep progression. Italian actors suffer from the same faculty, though theirs is more vanity and volubility where the Jewish actor's is emotional facility and exhibitionism. Such an actor as Mr. Adler supplies a curious comment on the great Talma's phrase about "indulgence in the excitement of impersonation." In the first act of "Success Story" Mr. Adler seemed to me good enough, though without conveying a sympathetic quality or any sense of pathos. How much of this the dramatist meant the part to have I could not tell exactly, though from the secretary's actions I should judge that something of the sort was implied. After the first act Mr. Adler seemed to get nowhere. There was no progression, no concentration. What pain he registered seemed merely personal and babbling; he showed none of the capacity for significant feeling of any sort, bore no record of torment and futility, showed no scars, created no finalities to mark the stages along his way.

Such a performance left the third act dead and leads to a very simple tale of the plot: a young American has a business office, prosperous, easy-going, with a mistress as easily attended; his secretary loves Sol Ginsberg, an East Side young Jew, full of revolutionary upset and greedy ego but, she says, full of goodness. She begs Sol's way back into Merritt's employ when he has been fired. Sol is consumed with a will to take the business, which he does take, plus the mistress. Time passes. Sol has married the mistress, the Jewish girl who loves him serves Merritt, who has long ago vainly urged her to be his wife. Merritt is pushed out into a vague side share in the business. Sol is more unsettled and unhappy than ever, despite his having got what he went for. One evening Merritt and his old mistress, now Sol's wife, drift out for a little diversion; at dawn Sol comes distracted to the office, where the faithful secretary sits waiting for him, as she had promised to do, for there was pressing business. He retails his tortured life, he tries to make love to her, a pistol is fired. Merritt and Sol's wife returning say to the secretary that it must remain an accident. Finis.

On the basis of so simple a telling, it might be comfortably concluded that the theme of "Success Story" turns on what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? But Mr. Lawson's play, from what, as things went, I could tell of it, means a great deal more than that. It is nothing so usual. What he intends to deal with is far more complex, more involved with Jewish character, more explicitly weighed, and now and again is said with a seriousness and point that raises the play morally above the general level of American drama.

The classic world is not without a comment on Mr. Lawson's motifs. One of the traits of the Jews that the Greeks most noted was what they would have called *euetheia,* which implied "simpleton," "naïve," "dull," to a Greek the most boorish and comic of traits. This trait would scarcely seem to apply; but what the Greeks meant by it appears more clearly in their contempt for the manner in which the Jews, instead of taking their myths as symbols, stories in which the truth is given a luminous form, took them as strict facts, to be literally believed. The Jews were also to the Greeks *atheoi,* "atheists," which did not mean necessarily that you denied the existence of a god but that you were against him. The Jews at times denied the existence of any but their own one, Yahweh, at times despised, though not denying, all other gods but their own. Pliny speaks of Jews as a race known for their *contumelia,* "insults," to the gods. Another description of the Jews was *misoxenoi,* "inhospitable to strangers"; by which the Greeks meant the Jewish refusal to mingle with other races, to share in the great festivals, and the bitter hatreds working back and forth from such a practice.

It seemed to me that far from meaning merely the platitude of ambition in his hero, Mr. Lawson, himself a Jew of great gifts and strong feeling, was here essaying the subtleties of one aspect of character in certain Jews. He seemed, indeed, to be torturing himself with the passionate fate inherent in Sol Ginsberg's temperament. This young Jew did not give up his soul, as embodied in revolutionary study, for rising in the world, as expressed in money and power. It is true people in the play speak of his having lost his soul; they say also that he has become a monster—the girl who loves him says that. It might even be thought that he had never had a soul. But what he has is a soul that is a nomad. It will never in this world find its home. The whole fight and struggle for power, social position, possession and prominence can have for his soul only the nature of hot or bitter and exultant raids. He looks out on the mythology of the life around him, the millionaires, the club where he wants to get and is not wanted and will be bored when he gets there, the society, the other man's Gentile mistress, the money war, and accepts them not as symbols of truths but as facts in themselves, to be literally believed. He is ambitious, pushing, ruthless, gnawed with hatred, because he despises the gods of such men as Merritt, with their codes of behavior, college ease, their balanced plane of life and social station. He scorns the festivals of gods whose feasts do not feed him. But he has lost the book of his own people: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on God. . . . Because he hath set his love upon me . . . I will set him on high . . . I will answer him . . . with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

The contrasting Jewish character is supplied in Sarah Glassman, the secretary, who loves Sol Ginsberg, whatever he may come to, and who serves the office with infinite

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loyalty. Miss Stella Adler, with her fine talent and profound quality of feeling, plays the role often beautifully and would play it more securely, in the last act especially, if Mr. Adler gave her something more exact and right to play to. Sarah Glassman illustrates the passage that St. Augustine quotes from Varro, where he speaks of the Jews and other peoples among whom an imageless cult preserves what the Romans had lost, meaning some innerness, simplicity and pure intensity through which they have such force of goodness and love. Throughout the classic world there was a belief that the Jews were one of the races that possessed a "mystery," a secret beyond death. In Sarah Glassman Mr. Lawson has implied such elements as these, this secret knowledge at the core of life, this goodness, intensity, strength of blood; he has implied also that, since Judaism is unique in consisting of both a race and a religion, these are among the main elements in its survival.

As a further balance to the motif of the leading figure, we have also Rufus Sonnenberg, the older Jew, cultured, rich, sensuous and grave, and well acted by Mr. Morris Carnovsky. The play, perhaps, might have gained by developing the character at more length. Mr. Russell Collins did a capital bit of genre as Fisher the clerk. Miss Dorothy Patten, as Agnes Carter, the Gentile's mistress and the Jew's wife, a role written not too well, will find acting hard until her voice is in its right place. The setting, in the firm's office, by Mr. Mordecai Gorelik, is what everybody in the play would have thought a fine thing to have, and is thus dramatic and effective. STARK YOUNG.

Not on the Ticker Tape

CUSTOMERS' men in brokers' offices, who lug the suckers in, perpetually need topics of conversation, and in dull periods politics becomes a life saver. They talk about the financial effects of political prospects much more than do the really important financiers in the background. Though most Wall Street men have a predilection for the G. O. P., they are not really in a spasm of fright over the prospect of a Democratic victory. Surprising as it may seem, a partner of the House on the Corner once told me that when the present J. P. Morgan votes, he usually votes the Democratic ticket. The chairman of the largest trust company in the country, Charles H. Sabin, is a Democrat. One of the most consistently successful speculative financiers, Bernard M. Baruch, is one of the mainstays of the Democratic party.

During the August rally the conservative Republican president of one of Wall Street's most staid banks remarked: "I hear the campaign will not be that of a radical versus a conservative, but between two reasonably conservative men." The Western tour has not frightened legitimate financiers, though it has emphasized the fact that Roosevelt will be less complacent than the present incumbent in the face of financial skullduggery. Before he went West, Wall Street was inclined to stress Roosevelt's "radical" side because of his critical attitude toward the power trust. But in his Portland, Oregon, address on the power question, Mr. Roosevelt reconciled the conservatives by pleading the cause of the capitalist—the investor—as well as that of the dear old consumer. In his earlier address at Salt Lake City, Mr. Roosevelt cheered the hearts of the Union Leaguers by espousing the needs of railroad investors. In this speech, the Governor showed clearly where he stands—among the non-reactionary bourgeoisie.

Accordingly, Wall Street financiers have been convinced that Roosevelt is no dangerous revolutionary. Most of them prefer Hoover, however, because, in theory, he stands for laissez-faire, whereas Roosevelt would not only regulate railroad and power holding companies, but recommends federal regulation—dear me!—of the sacred New York Stock Exchange. Wall Street bankers were never emotionally attracted to Hoover, as they were to Coolidge, for example, but as a group they prefer what he stands for to the Roosevelt program.

Wall Street betting odds are usually a more accurate guide to sentiment than customers' men's chatter. An investigation indicates that, though they are far from infallible guides, the political odds in the past have proved more reliable than the sporting odds. In fourteen elections, in which the voters balloted for President, Governor or Mayor, the late odds correctly foretold the event twelve times. The odds went wrong in 1916 when Woodrow Wilson nosed out Charles Evans Hughes through the courtesy of California, and also again in 1918, when Alfred E. Smith defeated former Governor Whitman in New York.

In fifteen years the World Series odds were correct only seven out of fifteen times.

The New York Stock Exchange is perennial, and it does not want to tie its kite to any candidate. Accordingly, it asked member firms to submit copies of letters and telegrams sent out around the time of the Maine election. It used this request as a means of indicating to member firms that they should desist from partisan activities and political speculation.

Richard Whitney, president of the Stock Exchange, in his recent address at St. Louis, went farther in an attempt to propitiate Governor Roosevelt. Instead of seeking, as before, to whitewash Wall Street of all wrongdoing, Mr. Whitney recited well known abuses, including participation in pools by corporate executives and Stock Exchange specialists, and indicated steps that the Exchange was contemplating to prevent continuance of such wrong practices.

The address was an adroit attempt to convince public opinion that the Stock Exchange, free from all outside pressure and regulation, has the power and the will to improve conditions and, in the language of vaudeville, to give the sucker an even break.

The announced expansion by reporting member banks of $374,000,000 in loans and investments might well be misinterpreted as helpful to business. However, it did not signify enlarged business borrowing. On the contrary, the increase was not in loans, but in investments. The gain in investments did not entail buying corporate bonds, which in effect would inject funds into job-creating business activities. The increase was entirely in purchases of government obligations. In connection with new government financing, the banks took on $422,000,000 in government bonds.

As compared with a year ago, the reporting member

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banks hold three and one-half billions less of commercial loans, $427,000,000 less of non-governmental bonds and $750,000,000 more of government bonds. The process may be described as turning government debt into bank credit. When the banks want relief, the Reserve Banks buy "Governments" from them.

One critical economist said: "It is a fearful and wonderful circle, all based on credit, the chief item being government credit.

"It looks to me as if the game is to juggle things about so that in the end the great debtor will be found to be the government—and that means us middle-class citizens and taxpayers.

"Probably, in the end, government debt [bonds] will be marked down. The financiers will buy them up cheap. Then a wave of patriotic hullabaloo to save the nation's credit will be engineered, and we taxpayers be put to work to mark up the value of the government bonds again—to the enrichment of the financiers. It's an old game."

A return of buying power is still deferred by continued quiet salary-cutting and wage-slashing on the part of employers, who are seeking to shift the cost of the depression to workers. Big business has evolved the scheme of spreading work, which in the last analysis relieves wealth and government of the cost of taking care of the unemployment and puts it on the shoulders of gainfully employed workers.

The Socialists refer to the process as "spreading misery," but the ballyhoo men behind Walter Teagle, Standard Oil mogul, argue that the new system will ensure the safety of jobs.

Events of the last two years have tended to support the high-wage theory of prosperity, for, as buying power was disorganized by unemployment, partial employment and impoverishment of farmers, the gross volume of business declined. If the present capitalization of industry and the existing structure of governmental indebtedness are to be validated, there is no way out except by increasing the gross turnover of business. If through wage-cutting the present deflated volume is to become the new normal, then debt repudiation and the wholesale scaling down of capitalization will be in order. L. M. N.

The following contribution, which was awarded honorable mention in The New Republic's College Writing Contest even though it could not be classified as essay, editorial, sketch or book review, was written by a senior at the University of Oklahoma.—THE EDITORS.

Patriot's Catechism

(*To be recited at meetings of the D. A. R., American Legion, Navy League and military-science classes on each November 11.*)

Q: Why do we celebrate this day?
A: Because it is sacred to one of God's Little Jokes.
Q: What does it commemorate?
A: The death of eight million young men.
Q: What did they die for?
A: To make the world safe for democracy.
Q: Is democracy safe?
A: Absolutely. Except in Italy, Russia, Poland and Turkey, where dictators have thrived since 1918. And of course in India, Africa, the Philippines and Manchuria, where democracy is contrary to the will of God.
Q: What was the purpose of the War?
A: It was a war to end war.
Q: And of course future conflicts are impossible?
A: Of course. Else those eight millions died in vain.
Q: Then why is every major nation spending more money on armaments than ever before in history?
A: To preserve the peace.
Q: But when a private citizen wants to preserve the peace does he threaten his neighbors by mounting machine guns in his front yard?
A: No—but nations are different.
Q: How different?
A: We common people aren't supposed to understand such matters. Ours not to reason why—
Q: Was the War sanctioned by God?
A: Certainly.
Q: Who said so?
A: God's self-appointed spokesmen, the ministers.
Q: Which side was He on?
A: Both. The crusade was preached by clergymen of every nation.
Q: Who got us into that war?
A: The statesmen, bankers, militarists, arms manufacturers and imperialists.
Q: How did they get us in?
A: With the most monumental campaign of propaganda ever attempted.
Q: Did we massacre them, one and all, when we discovered we had been duped?
A: Not at all. We still venerate and obey them.
Q: What did the War accomplish?
A: We would rather not talk about that.
Q: What are those queer things perched on every tombstone from the Marne to Vladivostok?
A: Those are the eight million Imps of Futility.

(*The meeting closes with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."*) JACK FISCHER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Upton Sinclair

SIR: In his article, "Lincoln Steffens and Upton Sinclair" [The New Republic, September 28] Mr. Edmund Wilson refers to the break-up of Mr. Sinclair's "second" marriage. He should have written "first marriage" and it was doubtless an accident that he didn't. But it does not seem to me simply an accident that he wrote, " . . . he [Upton Sinclair] seems to have stood somewhat apart from his own Socialist camp ever since he dissociated himself from the Socialist leaders who supported the War. . . . " How can Mr. Wilson not know that the facts are exactly the opposite? The Socialist leaders *opposed* the War, but Upton Sinclair temporarily withdrew from the party and supported the War!

Mr. Wilson's statement indicates a feeling of great sympathy for my father and of lack of sympathy for other Socialists. It also indicates that Mr. Wilson has been influenced by Communist inventions about Socialists. The former are solely responsible for this notion that the American Socialist party supported the War.

It seems to me that liberals and radicals ought to make it a

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rule, at least when writing for the non-Communist press, to verify their facts. Usually this cannot be done by referring to Communist sources, because the Communists are unwilling, or unable, to deal with the facts as they find them. They seem to want to change the past as well as the future. Most of the things the Communists have said about other radicals in this country are as unbelievable as they are untrue. Witness the following: "Arthur Garfield Hays deserted the Kentucky coal miners; Thomas paid a spy to go to Russia and try to overthrow the Soviet government; Thomas encourages white workers to lynch Negroes."

If Mr. Wilson were to be as clear-sighted when he reads the Communist press as he is when he reads the capitalist press, he might find that he had been backing the wrong horse.

New York City. DAVID SINCLAIR.

Professor Einstein Didn't Say It

SIR: I desire to withdraw a passage printed on pages 388-9 of my book "The Spirit of World Politics," as based on insufficient evidence, and as disputed by strong counter-evidence now brought to my attention. This passage referred to Professor Albert Einstein's adress in New York on March 4, 1931, from which I quoted on the strength of my memory, two sentences as follows:

> To bring about an understanding between Jews and Arabs is not the responsibility of Great Britain: it is the responsibility of the Jews. And to reach such an understanding is not less important than the building of new institutions in Palestine.

I then remarked that "In the English translation as read to the audience, the second of these two statements was omitted."

Mr. A. H. Fromenson, who was the executive secretary of the American Palestine Campaign under whose auspices Professor Einstein made the address, points out that Professor Einstein's written address, from which the translation was made, does not contain the second sentence; and that neither does that sentence appear in the translation of the stenographic notes made from Einstein's spoken words. This evidence shakes my confidence in my memory of the event, and in the absence of conclusive support, I shall withdraw from my next text all reference to that second sentence.

With it will go the remark regarding the omission of that sentence from the translation. I desire especially to apologize to Mr. Fromenson and to those in charge of the meeting for the suggestion of the word "omitted" that there may have been an error in translating, or an elision of Einstein's words, or some other failure in the effort to give a precise rendering of his statement. I am satisfied that there was no such defect or failure, and that every precaution was taken to obtain a complete and exact record of his words.

Cambridge, Mass. WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING.

Forgotten Men and the Tariff

SIR: If Secretary Mills, in his Portland speech, had used Bryan and his "Cross of Gold" to support "Wall Street," the whole country would have roared. But that would not have been more ludicrous than his use of Sumner and his "Forgotten Man" to support the Smoot-Hawley tariff. No wonder Maine went Democratic!

For forty years William Graham Sumner was an outstanding champion of free trade. The first essay in the volume from which Mr. Mills quotes ("The Forgotten Man and Other Essays") is entitled "Protectionism—The Ism Which Teaches That Waste Makes Wealth." In this essay, from which Mr. Mills tears from the context *his* "Forgotten Man," Sumner's "Forgotten Man" is portrayed as the man who pays for all the "jobbery":

> The biggest job of all is a protective tariff. This device consists in delivering every man over to be plundered by his neighbor and in teaching him to believe that it is a good thing for him and his country because he may take his turn at plundering the rest.

In Sumner's words Mr. Mills' "Forgotten Woman" is the corset stitcher whose "twenty-four minutes' work ought to buy a spool of thread . . . but after she has done twenty-four minutes' work for the thread she is forced by the laws of her country to go back and work sixteen minutes longer to pay the tax—that is, to support *the thread mill.*" "A big protected factory is a heavier load for the Forgotten Men and Women than an ironclad ship of war in time of peace."

Fortunately for Secretary Mills, "Sumner of Yale" is dead. Otherwise here would be an apt arena for a man whose grand message to his students was: *"Don't be a damn fool."*

Aside from being the occasion for a vigorous protest against such misrepresentation of one of our great scholars and teachers, Secretary Mills' Portland speech belongs to the "boners" of political discussion. Our laughter has left us so generous that we award to the Secretary of the Treasury *the cap and bells without which* no court jester should appear in public.

New York City. ALLEN MCCURDY.

Last Call for the Scottsboro Boys

SIR: On October 10, the case of the eight Scottsboro boys sentenced to die in the electric chair on framed charges of "rape" of two girls of questionable reputation comes up for review before the United States Supreme Court. The International Labor Defense has spent up to now more than $18,000 on the case. This sum is far in excess of the funds collected for the case by the I. L. D., and yet much less than the cost of similar cases in the past.

With the terror against workers all over the country increasing almost geometrically month by month (an increase of 300 percent in the number of cases reported to the National Office of the I. L. D. in June over the number for May), and with the demands upon it increasing proportionately, the I. L. D. is faced with the necessity of raising $4,000 more for the Scottsboro defense before October 10. This money is necessary to ensure adequate legal protection for the boys in the Supreme Court hearing.

We are calling upon all workers and liberal-minded people in the United States to help in this emergency, by rushing contributions to the Scottsboro Defense, care of the International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, Room 430, New York City.

CARL HACKER, *Acting General Secretary,*
New York City. International Labor Defense.

Premature Condolences

SIR: I suggest an issue of your journal set with mourning borders on account of that complete knockout your liberal-radical friend got in the Wisconsin election. Warmest condolences!

New York City. THOS. C. ELDER.

[Stand-pat Republicans may as well do their warm condoling in October, while they still have the chance.—THE EDITORS.]

Socialism on the Campus

SIR: During the summer some seventy Thomas-for-President Clubs have been organized in colleges and universities throughout the nation. With the opening of schools this fall, thousands of students will be coming into these clubs and organizing clubs on campuses where they do not yet exist. A national student committee has been set up to coördinate the efforts of these various groups into a powerful student movement.

If you are not too sophisticated by much learning to challenge the recent statement that "politics is too dirty for students to soil their hands with it," and if you believe in a new social order which assures security, peace and plenty to all, get into this movement. Join the Thomas-for-President Club on your campus. Organize such a group if one is not yet under way. Write us of your interest and ask for guides for organization and suggestions for action. We students are in politics to stay and we will achieve socialism in our time.

PAUL H. RITTERSKAMP,
Chairman, National Student Committee
Chicago, Ill. Thomas-for-President Clubs.

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The Hero as Capitalist

God's Gold, by John T. Flynn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 538 pages. $3.50.

DURING our industrial revolution, at the time of the Civil War and afterward, when a few strong combinations were seizing most of the means of production, the people of this country grew very angry, much angrier than we remember. The whole "underlying population" of farmers, laborers, college professors and, above all, of small, independent capitalists seethed with rage at the thing variously called pool, monopoly, trust or, in favorite metaphor, "Anaconda," "Octopus." But during at least forty years, the popular hate focused itself upon a single industrialist: John D. Rockefeller, the subject of Mr. Flynn's comprehensive biography.

The elder Rockefeller, the great Rockefeller, is now known chiefly as a very ancient, fragile country gentleman who has birthdays once a year. Public opinion of him, perhaps owing to the ministrations of the ubiquitous Mr. Ivy Lee, has grown mellower. And John T. Flynn, opportunely, brings a changed, an objective, point of view to his study of the old oil baron, whose wealth, power and example once alarmed all the masses of Have-Nots, and whom the people's champions, such as William D. Lloyd, began to "expose" as far back as 1881.

The story of the Standard Oil trust, as told by Lloyd and later by Miss Tarbell, now amplified in some respects and brought up to date by Flynn, was always one of the great romances of our history. It is not only because the rise from poverty to riches is the typical American legend, but because Mr. Rockefeller introduced a scheme of industrial combination which, in its worldwide scope, was something new under the sun. This he did in the face of the most menacing opposition, of legislatures, courts, rival financiers and, at moments, of revolutionary mobs. During forty years the Standard Oil men marched from trial to trial like habitual felons, before the public was convinced that it was not dealing with the arch criminals of the age but with destiny. The opposition was always on behalf of a laissez-faire individualism. Miss Tarbell, for instance, was but championing the wastefulness, the competitive "anarchy" of independent Pennsylvania oil producers. Rockefeller, on the other hand, was literally the instrument of economic determinism; he was the more or less conscious guiding genius of a process of concentration which held in view national rather than local consumption and a machinery for world empire. Under his shining example, capitalism advanced swiftly toward a new phase, transforming, as Marx would say, "the pigmy property of the many into the titan property of the few, transforming the individual and scattered means of production into socially concentrated forms."

The economic vision of Rockefeller Flynn justly applauds; and the impersonal view of this man's work as linked with our whole national economy does seem to yield a clearer perspective upon the past, truer premonitions for the future. But the biographer is not truly consistent (his work suffers on the whole from a want of consistent economic theory) and he becomes somewhat naïve when he goes on to claim that his hero was the most "honest" of all our industrialists—because he never watered stock, and because he destroyed waste along with competitors. Rockefeller was the most "honest" if you wish, but only in the sense that a Big Bertha is more honest than other and feebler forms of artillery. His virtues, those specifically of a hero of capitalism, should not be confused with the conventional ones of the age of chivalry.

In the life of every conquering soul there is a "turning point," a moment when a deep understanding of the self combines with an equally deep sense of one's immediate mission in the tangible world. For Rockefeller, brooding, secretive, uneasily scenting his fortune, this moment came shortly after his first ventures into the oil-refining trade. He looked upon the disorderly conditions of the Pennsylvania oil fields, upon the guerilla fighting of the railroad lines, the mercurial changes of supply and prices, and did not find it good. Already owner, with Flagler and Harkness, of the largest oil refinery in Cleveland, he now, in 1870, set in motion the great idea—probably proposed by Flagler—of industrial combination, hitherto a mere experiment. The famous "South Improvement Company," with its strange charter, ingeniously instrumenting such combination, emerged in silence and secrecy. By collusion with the railroads (which also hungered for economic order) it was terribly armed with the power of the freight "rebate" and "drawback," through which all competing refiners were to be systematically ruined. Though an "oil war" broke out in Pennsylvania in 1872, though the "South Improvement Company" became a national scandal, and Rockefeller and his partners were compelled to renounce it in public, the young captain of industry had stolen a march on all his fellows; he had taken command of Cleveland's whole refining trade. Thenceforth, he would be persecuted and pilloried, but he would retain his lead, hang on like death to his great unifying idea, advancing anew after each momentary retreat, evading all attempts at regulation, until the Standard Oil, with its refineries, pipe lines, tank wagons, ships and foreign terminals, had become an industrial empire as far-spreading as the British Empire, until Babylon and Nineveh were illuminated by Standard kerosene. Rockefeller's organizing genius had created the "mother of trusts," soon to spawn a score of other great trusts in whiskey, cattle, beef, sugar, coal, iron and copper. The Standard Oil trust, as a capitalist construction, had the beauty of one of the new steel suspension bridges.

It was not only the cruel advantage in freight charges which made Standard Oil preëminent; this was but the start. If we would weigh Rockefeller's contributions rationally, we must own that though he did not invent anything himself—not even the idea of the pool or trust—he utilized all inventions, whether new corporate devices or labor-saving machines, with audacity. Moreover, he soon surrounded himself with a great general staff, composed of Harkness, Flagler, H. H. Rogers, Archbold, Pratt, W. C. Whitney, O. H. Payne—almost a monopoly of the best business brains in the country. He stamped out waste in the manufacturing and distributing process, inaugurated mass distribution, exploited new by-products. But though he would "pay nobody a profit," he could generally spend millions to efface from the scene a powerful competitor. This was the "constructive" Rockefeller, the man of extraordinary firmness of character, agent of economic "progress," the architect of an industrial empire, to whom John T. Flynn accords an impersonal admiration.

But there is the other Rockefeller who, when in active life, seemed to his contemporaries now a man of mystery, now a human monster; the Rockefeller who on the occasion of his birthdays is pictured as a death's head by proletarian newspapers. Veblen, in describing the character of the captain of industry, in his "Absentee Ownership," attributes to this type little more than the arts of "bargaining,

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effrontery, salesmanship, make-believe," his mind bent solely upon his private gain and the community's loss. But any detailed, candid account of Rockefeller's activities, such as Flynn's, or even Miss Tarbell's earlier portrait, makes his an exceptional case, exceptional because he grew up during the "heroic age" of American capitalism. He was a man who never sought amusements, a man "with the soul of a bookkeeper." He laughed, he slapped his knee, when he struck a bargain. He introduced, or suffered the introduction of, an espionage system in his organization which followed and frustrated all competitive operations. His company exercised a deadly control over prices within the industry; was given at moments to acts of violence (according to court records). It participated, as Flynn shows, in the systematic corruption of our political institutions. Everywhere John D. Rockefeller showed a ruthlessness traditionally called Machiavellian. He preserved a secrecy, a silence in the face of universal protests, which we now know to be entirely characteristic of such undertakings as his. And this whole adventure was finally crowned by the colossal donation of some $574,000,000 to social-welfare foundations and churches.

Was he truly ignoble and "diabolical" as he was so often painted? Or was he really superior to his contemporaries, in that he, for his part, "never deceived himself"? Were not the unconventional moral traits mentioned above the attributes of success under large-scale capitalism, and as part of the heroism of the capitalist, really his "virtues"?

John T. Flynn is well equipped to be the biographer of Rockefeller and his times by his knowledge of business affairs and financial history. For us who now feel ourselves stripped down to the economic units we are at bottom, whether under communism in Russia or capitalist depression in America, "God's Gold" is in certain ways a key book. Flynn conveys a wealth of information about historic industrial events of the last ninety-three years, in a fashion which illuminates the real character of our social order. But it is regrettable that his digressions are not better organized, that his large compilation bears so many signs of haste. And though free and damning enough in his criticism, he shows no unified conception of his hero, fails to strike a balance. The reflections aroused in us at this time by such an adventure as Rockefeller's, the lesson that may even conceivably come to him in the end, must touch not only on the inherent contradictions of his career, his system, but its tragic incompleteness.

Inevitably the giant Trust assumes a social character which nothing in the education of its acquisitive author prepares him for. It confronts that other great Machiavellian principle which has been too often overlooked by Princes, as by captains of industry: that while it may be an excellent plan to "bump off" competing nobles, the people must always "be taken care of." For the Prince can get on without other Princes, but not without his people.

Rockefeller fanatically believed his property to be his own private affair; yet it grew so vast, so completely lost its private character, that in the end it had to be devoted to the public service, in great measure, in order that the people should be preserved from poverty, irreligion and crime, and remain good consumers of kerosene. Or, certain ponderous donations to charity had to be timed for self-defense, as Flynn points out, at moments when legislative or judiciary decrees overhung the Standard. But all these exertions were not enough.

Rockefeller himself thought that he had done a good deal to sustain humanity by his "gift of $600,000,000 to $700,000,000 in wages to honest laboring men" during forty years. But as Flynn observes, he and his small group of associates gathered in over twice as much in the same period, and still retained ownership of their magnificent industries. Thus, Rockefeller had amply fortified himself against rainy days and old age, by control of these industries; but he made no provision that these industries should continue to have living customers.

In searching for the motivation of his hero Flynn has ended by adopting the theory of "divine sanction" so ably propounded by R. H. Tawney in his "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism." As Rockefeller handed his millions to the Baptist Church, he would say: "The Good Lord gave me my money." It was God's gold, then, that rained into the hands of the godly men of the Standard Oil, and the other captains of industry. One of these, in a period of crisis, spoke feelingly of the protection which the poor might always expect from "the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given control of the propertied interests of the country."

The dynasts of American capitalism had become as absolutely persuaded of their "divine right" as were the Capets of France. It is a pleasing habit which all dynasties have; though it has never, in any miraculous way, acted to preserve the oldest of them. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Nobody Writes Objectively

Nobody Starves, by Catharine Brody. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

IN EXHIBITING the shoddy chaos in which American proletarians live and work, Miss Brody chooses for the central character of her novel a quite ordinary, healthy, rather good-looking working girl. She marries a working man who is much like herself. They drift to Detroit and then to a company-owned automobile town. The man works as a driven cog in a machine process which he doesn't understand, much less the economic and social process of which the factory is a part. Soon the woman is also working—to save money, get ahead, keep up with more prosperous acquaintances who are trying to climb into the middle class on the instalment plan. The depression looms. The man is out of work. Both are out of work, the woman pregnant. They must break up their home and she must return to their people, who are not yet, or not quite, starving. In the clash of frayed nerves the man deserts her, is gassed in a riot of job-seeking workers, and comes back to his wife. Needing not so much physical as spiritual relief, the man gets a muddled notion of murder and suicide, kills his wife, fails to kill himself, and is jailed. They still had some resources of furniture, and had not yet applied for public relief. Nobody starves.

The pattern is typical and much of the writing is excellent. One readily agrees with Sinclair Lewis that this book is important. Its value and its limitation are implicit in the statement that it represents exceptionally competent reporting, by a middle-class intellectual, of contemporary proletarian experience.

Miss Brody, herself the daughter of a foreign-born small shopkeeper, started as an office worker and became eventually a reporter for The New York World. She was assigned to the task of working her way across the continent and reporting to The World's middle-class audience what our proletarians—mill operatives, automotive workers, servant maids—do, think and feel. She shared every ordeal of the workers except their trapped helplessness. She was in that cage as an observer, and could walk out at will.

It would seem that the unconscious realization of her

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own superior personal and economic resources has influenced to a certain degree her selection of data. Despite the evident genuineness of her sympathy, she is writing about inferiors for whom she cannot help feeling a certain condescension. Her proletarians suffer; they do not think. Except for occasional febrile outbursts, they do not fight. With their backs against the wall, they blame themselves, they destroy themselves, rather than attempting to destroy the system which outrages them. This, of course, is a large part of the truth. Miss Brody's report is confirmed, for example, by a psychiatrist who recently questioned nine hundred guests of a municipal lodging house. Practically all of these rugged individuals blamed themselves for their predicament. Only three or four had any notion of the social or economic whole to which they belonged. But what about the other part of the truth? What about the moment in the early days of a strike when the word "solidarity" becomes not just a word but a thrilling fact? What about the miraculous transformations of ordinary workingmen, fired by a new sense of human dignity and fraternity, into organizers, strategists, fighters?

Mary Heaton Vorse, in her "Strike," has testified as convincingly to such phenomena as does Miss Brody concerning the prevailing lethargy of the proletarian masses. But Mrs. Vorse, perhaps, is not "objective." She is a radical. She went to North Carolina as an ally of the strikers. Miss Brody is not a radical. Is she therefore, more "objective"? The truth, one hazards, is that there is a middle-class culture, a middle-class attitude, which has its own unconsciously condescending "objectivity." There is also beginning to be a revolutionary culture, with a challenging attitude. Neither is "objective" because each embodies conscious or unconscious elements of evaluation and choice.

Miss Brody's book has two kinds of importance: its honesty and competence as a piece of social reporting; its implicit and unconscious destruction of this concept of "objectivity." A third kind of importance the book quite definitely lacks. "Nobody Starves" is not a work of art. The characters are excellently observed and described, rather than created: this fault may mean merely that the middle-class journalistic habit has limited, perhaps only temporarily, a writer capable of stricter disciplines.

JAMES RORTY.

Servant and Sister

Dorothy Wordsworth, by Catherine Macdonald Maclean. New York: The Viking Press. 439 pages. $5.

READ Miss Maclean's biography of Dorothy Wordsworth and you walk familiar ground. Here again are the Lake Poets and that magnificent countryside surrounding Alfoxden and Grasmere, the background of the "Prelude" and the "Excursion"—all rewoven into prose in which the daily events are retold from Dorothy's journal and letters. Superficially this is a woman's book, a dictionary of household routine from dawn to evening, each detail neatly engraved. But behind the full stream of minor incident—the short or long walk across the fields, the evening meal, a book to be read, a letter written—Miss Maclean has carefully reconstructed three full-sized characters. First of all, there is Dorothy herself, tight, repressed, electric with energy. Next, William her brother, slow-moving as a glacier, and like a glacier, by the very bulk of the impression that he makes upon others, changing the contours of the earth. Finally, there is Coleridge, Dorothy's equal in observation and superior in genius, but a sorry weight upon her emotions.

The book belongs to Dorothy; it is her story, but it is so thoroughly told that Wordsworth and Coleridge are thrown into sharp relief. Perhaps it is best to rediscover them at an oblique angle, through the eyes of a third person.

Dismissing Dorothy for a moment, let us reëxamine Miss Maclean's William. He is presented without comment, and is, in his sister's eyes, wholly admirable. One sees again the man that De Quincey describes, the tall rugged figure "almost Spanish," the hawklike nose, the deep-set eyes. He is the embodiment of nobility. How he made that nobility felt and turned it to practical advantage is in itself a remarkable story.

The Wordsworths inherited almost nothing and to William fell the responsibility of providing for himself and Dorothy. In reading Miss Maclean's book one realizes how well William performed this duty. Houses, leases and estates seem to be tossed into William's arms; some of them are modest enough, but all are neat and comfortable—no mean or small apartments, but delightfully appointed cottages with a kettle boiling on a well swept hearth and a servant to help Dorothy with the housekeeping. Reread William's letters to John Wilson and Lady Beaumont and the reasons why he could enjoy his seasons of tranquillity become self-evident. There is perhaps no poet in all English literature who could equal him in procuring a loyal patronage. He was heavy, but no matter—heaviness was an asset, a means of proving his serious intention. He had dignity and he made his patrons share that virtue; they too were offered stock in the rich mine of his nobility. What is more, he offered preferred shares to Dorothy, to his uneasy mistress across the Channel and, last of all, to Mary his wife.

It is obvious that Coleridge lacked this lofty strain and fell backward, full weight, upon the shoulders of his

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AMERICAN ANARCHY AND RUSSIAN COMMUNISM by M. R. Werner

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RENE CLAIR, movie chronicle by Harry Alan Potamkin

JEFFERSON AND DU PONT de NEMOURS, a review by Frank L. Owsley

POETRY by T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore, J. V. Cunningham

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BOOK REVIEWS: "Challenge to Defeat," "Good-bye Wisconsin," Trotsky's "My Life," Volume I, Emma Goldman's "Autobiography," "Rebels and Renegades," "American Heresy," "Crisis of American Capitalism," etc.

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friends. And here we may find the sources of his difficulties with Dorothy. She admired him and came so close to loving him that their relationship left a deep scar. Coleridge was like a giant child running to Dorothy with a world of troubles as gifts and she must take them all, carry them, cherish them because they were his and because he was quite unable to survive their burden. Such a relationship was doomed to become even more abnormal than her affection for her brother. William demanded much; it was she who gave him her eyes, her rapid, accurate perception of detail. He needed her as a source of security, the center of a household; yet he in turn gave her protection as the master of the house and as a repository for her ideas. Coleridge could offer her nothing of the kind. To befriend him was like pouring water into sand.

Dorothy's interests are by no means limited to the range of her emotional experiences with the two men that I have treated at length. Her point of view is, of course, deeply colored by these two relationships, but she remains an individual in her own right and as far as possible a separate entity—compelled by the nature of her environment to share the fortunes of a compact household. As the book closes, the Wordsworths are about to leave Grasmere. Rydal Mount lies before them and William's position in the world is made secure. But there is grief to share even at this moment. Wordsworth, after suffering the loss of a daughter, lost a son. Mary's health seemed broken, and again the emotional burden fell upon Dorothy. Little could happen to change her now; her course is that of habitual servitude to the end of her life.

HORACE GREGORY.

Tammany's Big Tent

The Insolence of Office: The Story of the Seabury Investigations, by William B. Northrop and John B. Northrop. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 318 pages. $2.50.

THIS BOOK is a useful record of corruption in the city of New York during the reigns of George Olvany and John F. Curry, when the genial James J. (Henry Puyi) Walker sometimes visited the City Hall. Beginning with the notorious Vitale dinner and ending with the charges against Mayor Walker, the book is a summation of the investigations made by Judge Seabury and his assistants into the magistrates' courts, the district attorney's office and, finally, into the administration of the city's government. Into it come all the events and characters that have been passing through the newspapers during the last two years.

Some of these events and these characters are vaguely familiar to our minds, and the Northrop brothers evoke them again in all their significance, with the burlesque and obscene qualities associated with them. There are John C. Weston, who gathered in the bribes at Jefferson Market Court; Chile Mapoche Acuna, champion "framer" of girls for the Vice Squad—who has since died of a brain tumor—and the other employees of the Squad: Louie the Dove, Harry the Greek, Meyer Slutsky, Chico and Harry Levey. The wonderful horse "Flora Belle" wins $9,000 for Policeman Quinlivan, though he forgot where and he forgot when. Then we have once more that stern endorser of yeast cakes, New York City's first deposed woman judge, Magistrate Jean Norris, followed by the gold-dust-twin magistrates, Jesse Silbermann and Louis Brodsky. The dyspeptic district attorney, Thomas C. T. Crain, steps out of the accounts of his unsuccessful prosecution and makes an inept bow.

The political circus goes on, with Tammany cracking the loaded whip, while the horse doctor Doyle "disremembers"—as they used to say at the investigations of the eighteen-nineties—where he split his fees. Mr. Curry telephones to Lake Placid and gets a judge on vacation to spare that doctor from jail. Mr. McCooey's son Jack gets to be a Supreme Court Justice, and Mr. Sheriff Farley's gamblers pack baseball bats and skipping ropes for the May Day children at two o'clock in the morning when the police break in the refrigerator doors of the Thomas M. Farley Association. Those who vote the Tammany ticket in 1931 get the unemployment relief, and the North German Lloyd has to pay $50,000 before it can ask permission to lease piers for its steamships. The climax approaches when Mayor Walker and his friends arrive in the ring. Paul Block's boy Billy wonders how the mayor does it—his books don't show. And thereby Mr. Block gets the idea that he ought to make a little money for Jimmie. [Laughter—gavel.] There is a clatter of tin boxes and the mayor and his friends watch Dr. Robert Beyer, inventor extraordinary of subway tiles, make gold in his Brooklyn laboratory. Russell T. Sherwood, who knows more about the mayor's cash than the mayor does, gets married and settles in Mexico City. And finally, to cap the climax, the mayor resigns before he can be removed, because, in the words of his friend Curry, it is all a "crucification," and "vindicates himself" by sailing for Naples.

The story is a sad one of civic waste, and the Northrops have told it capably, but with no narrative sense. The hero they worship is Samuel Seabury, who emerges from these pages as a cold and self-righteous figure of justice—for the Northrops do not write well, though they assemble admirably.

M. R. WERNER.

Book Notes

AMERICANA

THROUGH THE HAWSE-HOLE, by Florence Bennett Anderson. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 286 pages. $3.*

It is a special sort of imagination that could create this "true story of a Nantucket whaling captain." Truth is stamped upon it throughout; Mrs. Anderson has drawn upon an abundance of records as well as a well articulated family tradition. But with the factual accumulation goes a sensitive comprehension of the human values that small details may yield, from old-fashioned door latches to the flower-shaped cups that held custards for invited guests. In the end we have not only a well limned portrait of Seth Pinkham but of all his family, as they looked and lived; and as the relationships of the Pinkhams and Coffins were spread by many marriages with other families on the island, so the character of a distinctive people (one might almost say a race) emerges, always against the slanting streets of the town or the sea-fronted pastures beyond it, with their occupations and meetings and dissensions and identities. Two or three chapters, though well knit into the whole, have an almost detachable value, those which picture the War of 1812 as seen from the intimate view of the Nantucketers—something quite different from that either of the Hartford Convention or the simple sweeping conclusions of the contemporary West. And there are fresh and admirably detailed passages on a surprisingly gay social life in Nantucket during the thirties. One could wish for a bolder concern with whaling than appears here, but after all one may turn for that to "Moby Dick." Graced by sentiment, the book has an engaging frankness, akin to that of Nantucket's "call of clan," with its trenchant final line, "The Pinkhams beat the devil."

BIBLIOPHOBIA

THE FEAR OF BOOKS, by Holbrook Jackson. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 199 pages. $7.50.*

Beautifully printed in a limited edition, Mr. Jackson's addendum to his "Anatomy of Bibliomania" is in itself an argument for

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"prudential restraint" as a remedy for the *cacoëthes imprimandi* which is the only justifiable cause of bibliophobia. The dangers commonly alleged to lurk in books, whether of exciting passion or corrupting morals, Mr. Jackson exorcises with the help of authorities from Milton's "Areopagitica" to Ernst and Seagle's "To the Pure." "In the long run," he quotes from Mr. H. W. Garrod, "in books and in life alike, morality can be trusted to look after itself." The essay is a catena of citations from lovers and defenders of books (from whom we miss chiefly William Hazlitt), collected with the diligence of Burton, and delightfully set forth in a style reminiscent rather of Walton.

Education and Psychology

BLACK ON WHITE: The Story of Books. 135 pages.
WHAT TIME IS IT? The Story of Clocks. 132 pages.

Both volumes by M. Ilin. *Translated by Beatrice R. Kincead; illustrations by N. Lapshin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50 each.*

Despite the obvious and not always careful editing to which the English translation of M. Ilin's two little books has been subjected, they remain stimulating and delightful examples of what an engineer and artist-scholar can do when he undertakes to communicate his own spontaneous zest in knowledge to other minds, whether young or adult, on the assumption that they will experience an equal enthusiasm. M. Ilin does not patronize or "write down" to his pupils. In both books he links history, archeology, anthropology, technology, in the swift but unhurried telling of a good tale, which he does not hesitate to adorn with amusing anecdotes, or interrupt with the humorous comments to which any good story-teller is entitled. The illustrations are equally zestful and charming. Surely the Soviet students, whether young or attending adult night-schools, are privileged in being provided with such texts. It is worth pointing out that M. Ilin and his group are amateurs in the educational field. He is an engineer; one of his associates was formerly a cook in the Red Army; two others are former homeless children, *besprizorni*. When will our American professionals begin to do as well?

PASTORAL PSYCHIATRY AND MENTAL HEALTH, by John Rathbone Oliver. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 340 pages. $2.75.*

Mr. Oliver, chief medical officer to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore and a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has written this book for "those who come into intimate contact with the lives of many people ... ministers and social workers"—and, particularly, those predecessors of Sigmund Freud in the psychiatric method, the Fathers Confessor. Although his approach is essentially that of a priest, extensive travel and practical experience—as a surgeon during the War and psychiatrist at Johns Hopkins—have lent his chapters on paresis, drug habits, autoerotism and other problems an unusual philosophic tolerance. He shies from no variation from the Western emotional norm, and begs equal tolerance toward the maladjusted from his intended audience. The dispassionately scientific tone of the book may win it consideration from social workers and clergymen who find the works of more sensational psychiatrists unchristianity lurid.

Fiction

THE GIANT SWING, by W. R. Burnett. *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

W. R. Burnett is at his best in describing the generally neglected aspects of American small-town life: the all-night restaurants, the dance halls and amusement parks. His latest novel pictures Joe Nearing, playing the piano in Beatty's dance orchestra, before and after his rise to fame as America's native composer. The before period is written with some skill: Joe's place in the life of Middleburg is clearly suggested, the local celebrities are convincing, the glimpses of the town itself give an impression of actuality. Joe's rise to triumph after an unhappy love affair seems unreal, and the way his low-brow friends turn on him after he begins to compose music is no less than incredible. Burnett always writes of lower-middle-class individuals forcing their way to recognition and financial success; the ideology is almost that of the Alger stories, except that the characters turn to crime or art instead of commerce.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST, by Marcel Proust. *Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff and Frederick A. Blossom. New York: A. and C. Boni. 7 vols. $2.50 each.*

Proust's great novel—one of the very few works written in our own century that are required reading for all cultured people—has now been published in a uniform edition of seven volumes and 4,206 pages. In some ways the present edition is an improvement over the French original, which appeared at intervals from 1913 to 1927, in eight parts and more than twenty volumes. Especially in the later sections, the text was full of inaccuracies, many of which have been corrected by the translators. C. K. Scott Moncrieff's work on the first six volumes is distinguished, and Frederick A. Blossom, who translated the last volume (reviewed in The New Republic of September 21), has done at least a passable job.

WE BEGIN, by Helen Grace Carlisle. *New York: Harrison Smith. $2.50.*

This is a historical novel dealing with the men and women whose puritanical tenets got them disliked in England, and who therefore fled first to Holland and finally, on the Mayflower, to America. The story is told in the first person, in a somewhat formalized prose—one way of recapturing the mood of the period the author is describing. Not everyone can abide the inevitable archaism of style, not to say sentiment, and the book will be as much liked by some readers as disliked by others. The hard-boiled might object to such phrases as, "I could feel her sweet childish tears washing her soul pure. I could feel the purity of her soul in my hands, its softness and its gentleness and its loveliness. Lovely Purity." Yet, when the Freudian interpretation of this John Roach Stratonism on the bleak and rockbound coast is invoked by Miss Carlisle, it is a signal for all members of the D. A. R. to steer clear of "We Begin." On the whole this novel is a mixed performance—unsatisfactory because it combines modern sensibility with an attempt to preserve the flavor of the seventeenth century.

Contributors

Yvor Winters, who has published several volumes of verse and has contributed criticism to various magazines, teaches English at Stanford University in California.

Ernest Jerome Hopkins, who was for many years a journalist in San Francisco, is the author of "Our Lawless Police" and of "What Happened in the Mooney Case," issued last month by Brewer, Warren and Putnam.

Robert Cantwell, author of a novel, "Laugh and Lie Down," worked for four years in a veneer factory on the West coast. He is at present in New York completing a novel dealing with the subject which he treats in the sketch printed in this issue.

Jack Fischer attended the University of Oklahoma, did newspaper work during his years at college, and since being graduated last June has been a reporter for The Oklahoma-Times of Oklahoma City.

Matthew Josephson, who has written biographies of Zola and Rousseau and a critical biography of the American writers of the latter part of the nineteenth century, is now living on his farm in Connecticut.

James Rorty is at work on a book on advertising, based upon his experiences in this field when he was a copywriter for a national advertising agency.

Horace Gregory, critic and poet, has published a volume of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," and a translation of Catullus.

M. R. Werner, whose biography of Barnum brought him instant recognition, has also written lives of Brigham Young and Bryan and a history of Tammany Hall, which was published during the last presidential campaign and has just been reissued in the Star Dollar Book series.

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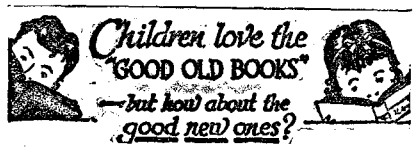

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 21, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Law and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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